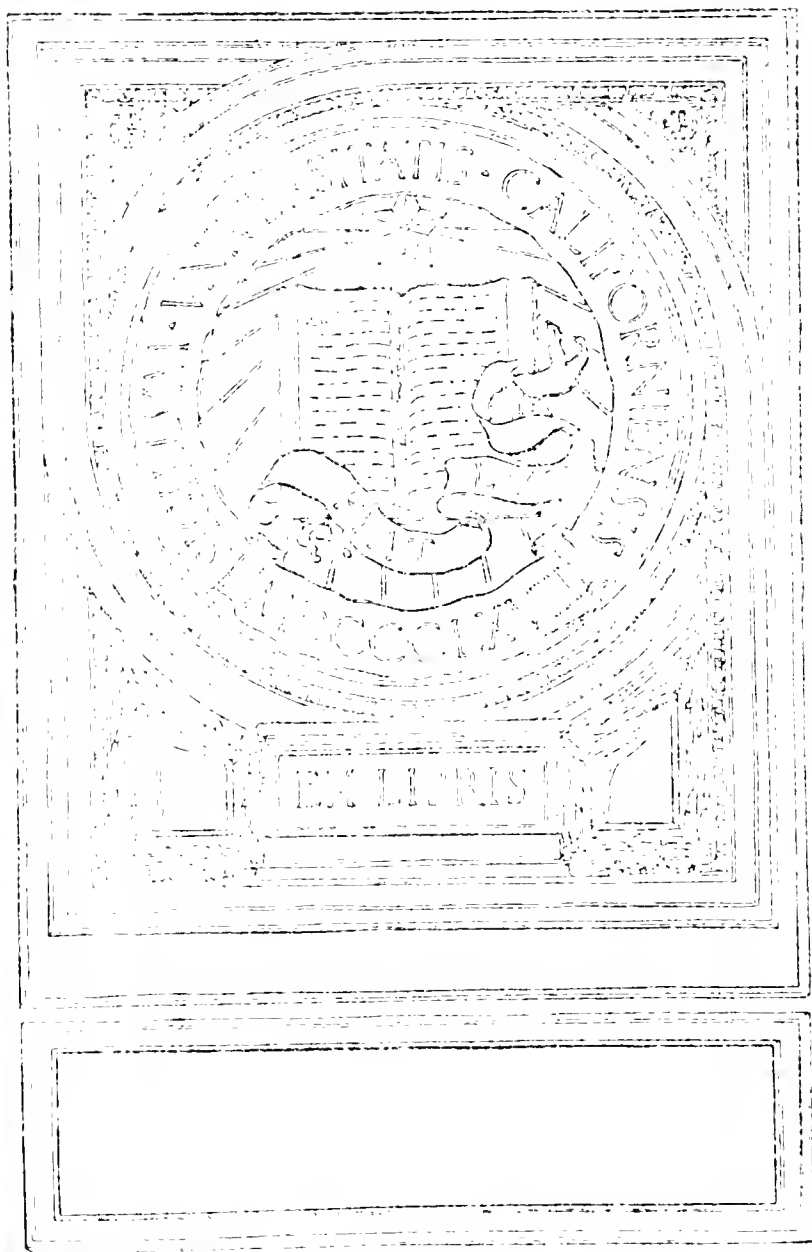


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MacTERNAN PRIZE ESSAYS,

No. I.

prós gaeòealaic.

IRISH PROSE,

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN,

PUBLISHED FOR

**The Society for the Preservation of the
Irish Language.**

DUBLIN :

M. H. GILL & SON, LIMITED, O'CONNELL STREET.

1902.

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MacTernan Prize Essays, No. 1.

THE
ESSAYS
OF
J. S. MACTERNAN

TRACTANDA
AR SON DU AISE mIC TIGe ARNÁIN—I.

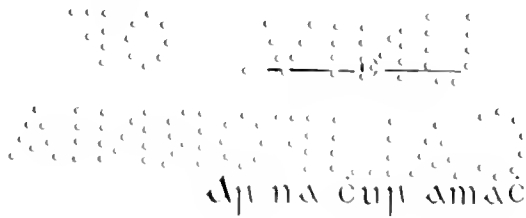
prós ʒæw̥ealac̥.

Τράρετ ἡ ἡσυχαιότης, μαίλα ἡ ἡ ἀρετὴ καὶ
ἡ ἐλευθερία, ἀγαθὴ ἡ ἐλευθερία.

leir an

Δῆλιν ράσονται καὶ Οὐννίν.

Այսօր “Ըօրմաւ Աի Ըօնալլ,” “Ըլլե հԱյրն,” 7c.



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cumann buan-comheòrsa na gaeòilge.

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1902.

MacTernan Prize Essays==I.

IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN
ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.

PUBLISHED FOR THE

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE
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PREFACE.

THE following Essay on "Irish Prose" owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge "The Bruidhen Da Derga," for instance, as one might judge the *Æneid*. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of *Æschylus*; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable identity that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to

my thinking is far less important than this : what are the distinct features of Irish literature ? What does it tell us of the historic mind of our race ? What message does it bear us across centuries of political turmoil, of religious zeal, of fire and blood ? It is the voice of vanished generations of our forefathers. It has its faults and weaknesses, no doubt, but a critical study of it will reveal rare beauties of style and language, and a genuine, enthusiastic, overflowing, human sympathy, which, if carefully fostered, is calculated to act on the present generation as a refreshing breeze from the bosom of the west.

ἡ ἀρχαία καὶ οὐκ ἐκείνη.

CLÁR AN LEABHAIR.

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prós ʒæðealac.

prós ðæðealað.

—o—
an ðeaðalt.

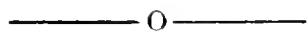
— — —
na sean-úir-sgealta i scoitciann.

Cialluigeann þjófr, nó caint rignita, i scoitciann, það
aðon traðgar rignibinne ná þuill i meðari. Þó þéiri na
briog þeo áhunnigðeiri oibþeaða þeandair, ðemealað,
aður úrilaðia coitciann na noðoimeað i meirð oibþeað
þjófr. Aðt tá briog eile leiri an þfocal ná tógann an
méio þin aði það irteað. Cialluigeann þé rignibinni nó
oríaro ceapnigðe le ðliocar litnigðeaðta ir ná þuill
þunte i meðari; aður þó þéiri na briog þain, ní
áhunnigðeiri oibþeaða tráðtar aði na þéilteannaið, nó
aði algeðia, i meirð oibþeað þjófr.

Ir léiri ður þéiri oðairi þjófr þeit þunte le
ðliocar móri litnigðeaðta, aður ir ðeimin ná þuill ó n-a
lán oioð aðt meðari cum þeit 'n-a laoiðtið. Inri na
haltaið þeo leannar tráðtfaimio, an curo ir mó, aði an
þþjófr litnigðeaðta.

Ir þó-ðeacairi an oðairi tráðt aði þþjófr ðæðealað, óri
ir þó-ðeacairi teaðt aði an méio aðá le þaðbáil ðe. Tá
an curo ir mó þó rignibinnið ðæðealaðá ðan curi i
ðcloð þófr. Tá þiað rðairigðe inri na leaðarilánnaið

IRISH PROSE.



CHAPTER I.



THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or “unbound” language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

mópa ari fuair na h-Éoirpa, agus tá úmóir dá bfuil i gcloó oíobh i n-íomleabhair ná bíonn a tairteal ari na daoibh i gcoitctiann, aet amáin ari an aor foglumta. Ní hé rin amáin, aet tá an ppiór litmgeacta ceilte, foluigte mri na leabhair lám-rgriobta féin, i tpeo guri deacair iad do foláctar, an fáir atá cionnicte gemealaig, ir a leictéirte mri gac don ball. Ir ppiór, leir, guri tug na rcoláirte Gaedelaaca a bpiom-airie do'n ppiór do éiríob-rgaolrao na cruao-focail Gaedelaaca atá le faibáil mri na rean-leabhair, nó do tabairrao eolar túinn ari nóraib ari rinreair, nó do méirteoaao gac cruao-éirte dári reancair, nó do tabairrao cunnar cinnte ari rean-liairib ir ari rean-fotmaoib na tíre, ir guri réanara na húir-rgéalta, na táirte ir gac triact eile a bí fuirte le gliocar litmgeacta. Uirne rin aoeairrao an léigteoir neam-tuigreanao, ari léigteao na leabair rain, guri b'rin é an raigar litmgeacta bí ari rao agann, agus ag bualaao a láirne ari an "Éponicum Scotórum," o'fíarppíao ré oíot: "An é rin an raigar litmgeacta atá le tairbeánaao i nGaedilg ariab? Má'r é, ní fuir é o'foglum ná ruaao ari bit o'faibáil uairó."

Τά πριόρ μαρι αν “Ėromicum Scotórium” ιηρ ζαc αον
τεανζαιν ἴαν Εομυρ, ειοῦ ναc ceapc πριόρ λιτυζεαcτα
το ζλαοῦαc αη, ταοῖ le ταοῖ le ρζεαλταῖb ιη ρτάριταῖb
λάν το βρεάζταcτ ιη ὀιομάιζεαcτ, ιη κυρτα le cέιλε ζο
βριόζμαρι, ζαρτα, ρυαιμεανταῖαι. Ἠ-α τεανντα ραιη
ιη μαῖτ αν κομαρτα αη αη λιτυζεαcτ ζο βρυιλ κυννταρ

the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on "The *Chronicum Scotorum*," "Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about."

There is prose like "The *Chronicum Scotorum*," though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

com cinnnte ar ar rinneairib agaimh ir tá le léigead
 'ran "Cronicum Scotórum," 'ran "Leabair Gabála,"
 ir i n-a leictéirib. Dearbair leabair dá raḡar go
 maib na daoine táinig iomáinn clirte cum ḡac níó do
 bair le n-a noutcar do rḡmúad. Tugair na leabair
 reo, leir, a lán feara úinn ar neitib bainear le n-ar
 litrigheact, bíod nac litrigheact iad féin.

Act ní fágann rann ḡan litrigheact rinn, agur táir
 rcoláirde na heorpa anoir ag luad ar rann-litrig-
 heacta, agur 'ḡá máó ná fuil a leictéir dá haor le
 raḡbáil 'ran doimn.

Ir mian linn-ne, 'ran triligio atá ceapuirḡe úinn,
 tuairirḡ éigin do tabairt ar an bpiór ḡaeðealac, act
 ní féirir úinn é go léir do rḡmúad, ir dá bpiḡ rin
 níl agaimh act foillirigad éigin do déanam ar an
 ḡcuid ir fearir de, ir iairiud ar an léigheoir é do
 léigead do féin.

Ir iad cáilide coitciana an trean-piór ḡaeðealairḡ
 ná neair ir rairbheact iomáigheacta, raḡamlaact foill-
 irḡe ir ceairact máirde. Triactair a lán dáir rann-
 rḡealairib ar neair rmaoirdeacta; mar úeanann an
 rmaoirdeact déirte do daomib, ir cuirreann maire ir
 fuinneam ir óirge ar rann-daomib ciona, foirbte,
 ranna; mar úeanann ríog-briḡ aolmar, fairirirḡ, iol-
 biaðac, i n-a mbíó mná uairle, rpeireamla ag ol ir
 ag aoirbneair i reomairib aeirac, do boḡáimín úoirca
 deairirḡ. Act ir ḡeall le rmaoirdeact féin maire ir
 áilne na n-úir-rḡeal ro i rairbheact, i mbriarib
 briogmar, ir i n-iomáigheact. Ag léigead na n-éact

exact as that which may be read in “The Chronicle Scotorum,” in “The Book of Invasions” and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

ro dúinn, is é fós cuimh na hÉireann atá fá n-ai
 gcoraib. Glaise an féir, cuimhacht na gcoraib is na
 otoi, an t-aeir ciúin, cnearta, roghaí, an cnocán,
 an fánao, an bán rocair, mó-ghar, na móirféir bheásta,
 blátmara, an éaire meir, binn-ghlóia — cuimh rin
 uile i n-uimh dúinn go bfuilmio as riubal ar bántaib
 míne méiré Cille Dara, nó na Míre, nó i gcomhghaicht
 do Baile-Áta-Chia, mar a bfeicimio na boirb-thonna
 dá luargao ríoríaróe le gaotaib, nó le hair Eamain
 Macla, nó timcheall Chuacla Meiré.

Ní gan eolar, leir, atáimio ar na fearaib is ar na
 mnáib do buaileann iomann inr na n-úir-ghéaltai reo
 — fir ciora, cuimh, áir-meannmacla, feargacla, ullama
 cum maiteacla do déanaí do naíar; mná áine,
 maireamla, foilbhe, gheanníara, lán-abairé. Imearg
 na cuideacla rin, is léir dúinn go bfuilmio ar fós na
 hÉireann, agus i bfoair ar n-aoineao tíreamail
 féir. Acl ní hionnán an treo atá oiré inr na rghéaltai
 is tá i n-oiu. Do hoileao na fir reo le clearaib
 fiaoaig agus do cleaclaíar anró is cuimhíar bhuighe
 is comeargaí. Maíro úimíor dá raogal fá óion na
 rphéir. Bíonn ríao as cúiríal na gcoillteao, luigíor
 ríor ar bhuacai glara na n-abann. Téir ríao as
 reilg ar leirigib Cláir Luirc, is cluicíor an fiaó is an
 faolcú, is ní le gaíaraib ná le ceoltaib triompáiré, acl
 le mheir a gcor. Ní gan rghiacl is ga a bíor i gcomhghaicht,
 is bíonn foiríom cacla ríoríaróe le héirteacl 'n-a
 otimcheall.

Is tapairó lúimíar íao na mná leir, agus ní as baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances—brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air, they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luire, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they

ἴσανν πιαθ. Νί ζαν ρίοσαιθε ιρ ριόλ βρεαὸ α βίονν
 πιαθ, ἀὲτ ιρ μό ατά α νοόχαρ αρ λαραιρ α ζελαον-μιορζ
 νά αρ ἐασαιζιβ πέριλαα ἐμμ εμοιῶτε να βριαῶνιζτε
 ρεο το ἴλασαῶ. Ατά οειφιρ ειλε ιοιρ να οαοινιβ ρεο ιρ
 αρ νοαοινιβ πέιν. Τά αν τίρ ι η-α ζκομννιζιο νεαμ-
 ρπλεαῶαὸ. Νί αμάν να ρυλ εαζλα ορτα μιομ αμαραιβ
 να η-εαῶτμιν, ἀὲτ βειμιο αρ υαιμιβ α ζκυο ρειρζε αρ
 οειρζ-ῑιυῶαὸ τμεαρνα να μαρμα ζο ρλέιβτιβ ιρ οαινζνιβ
 Alban. Οο βί, ρόρ, α η-ύριλαβρια πέιν αα, ιρ νίορ ζαῶαὸ
 ὀοιβ βειτ αζ βμιοταρμεαῶτ ι μβέριλα α ναμιαθ.

Αὲτ κυρτεαρ ἀταρμυζαῶ ιονζανταὸ αρ να νειτιβ ρεο
 ζο λέρι λε ομαιοῶεαῶτ ὀ'η υζοαρ. Αταρμυζεανν ρί να
 ριρ ιρ να μνά ρο, ιρ οέαναν ρί λαοῶμα ιρ bain-τιζεαρ-
 ναιζε, νό οείτε ιρ bain-οείτε ὀιοβ. Νί λε ἡιόμιάζεαῶτ
 ροαλ οέανταρ αν τ-αταρμυζαῶ ραιν, ἀὲτ λε νεαρτ ροιλλ-
 ριζτε ιονζανταιζ ι η-α ζκυρτεαρ ζεαρ αρ αν οομιν αρ
 ραθ ἐμμ ουλ ι ζκομόρταρ leo ι οτρίμε ιρ ι λέρι-μιαρ.
 Τά ζαὸ ἐαῶτ, ζαὸ τυμιαρ, ζαὸ ερεαῶ, ζαὸ τόρ, ἀταρμυζτε
 λε κυμαρ ομαιοῶεαῶτα αν υζοαρ. Τυζαιο να ζαιρζιῶιζ
 κυαρτ μόρ-οτιμῶεαλλ να ζκοιλλεαῶ ἐομ ἡέαρκαῶ,
 αβαῶ λειρ να ριαῶαιβ, ιρ ούμριζιο ριῶο αρ α βριαλ-
 τιζτιβ, ιρ βειμιο ορτα ρυλ α μῑτο ι βραθ. Ιρ ἀρτο, οαῶ-
 αμιαλ, μαρρεαμιαλ ιαθ να κυμαῶ ρεο; κυμιο ρμαῶτ αρ
 αῶαῶαιβ. ιρ ρυαρζλαο μαρζοεανα βίονν ι νοαοι-βμιο.
 Ιρ κορμιαλ λε ροῶρμ να ρτορμμε 'ραν ηζεμῑρεαῶ
 ἐομνιζτεαῶ ρυαμ α ηζα αζ ζαῶάιλ αρ α ἐείλε. Τά α
 λύμρ αῶτα ἐομ ριαῶαν λε ζλόρ να μιαῶ-ῶονν μαρ

do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry

βυριστο ζαν παοιρεαν̄ αν̄ ινιρ̄ θαυβ̄ριε. ιρ̄ μαρ̄ τεινῑ
αῡαντα θᾱ ρεῑθεαῡ λε̄ ζανβ̄-ζ̄αοιτ̄ ᾱ β̄ρεαρ̄ζ̄ λᾱ αν̄ οιο̄ζ-
αλταρ̄. ιῑ το̄ ρεῑρ̄ cleap̄ com̄p̄aic, μαρ̄ cleāctar̄ ι
νοιῡ ιαῡ, το̄ c̄um̄ταῡθε ᾱ οτ̄ρεαρ̄α. ιιορ̄ cleāctav̄ar̄
λᾱμᾱc̄ ο̄ιρεᾱc̄, ροκαρ̄ι, ο̄ ιοναῡ ρολῡῑζ̄τε, ᾱct̄ ρεαρ̄αν̄ λε̄
cēile ι n-āζ̄αῑō ᾱ nam̄aῡ ι n-ā mball̄aīōib̄ beo-ābāīō
θαonna. λεom̄ain̄ το̄ b̄'eāῡ ιαῡ, c̄om̄ λᾱιτ̄ιρ̄, c̄om̄ mean-
māc̄ λε̄ ζαιρ̄ζ̄ῑōib̄ nā τ̄ριαe, ιρ̄ nāρ̄ b̄'f̄ēιτ̄ιρ̄ ᾱ ζ̄c̄ιōῡāct̄
nā ᾱ mēιρ̄neac̄ το̄ ρ̄āρ̄ῡζ̄āῡ ι ρ̄τᾱιρ̄ nā ι n-ū̄ιρ̄-ρ̄ζ̄eal̄.

Μά τά θεαίματα οίτι 1 τταοῖ ἀονταῖτα 1ρ ιονηαναῖτα
 να λιτριῖεαῖτα ῤαεῖεαλαίῖε 1 η-ιουῖαίῖεαῖτ 1ρ 1 ηθαῖ-
 αῖηλαῖτ λοηηαιῖ ὁ τῖηρ ῤο θεηρεαῖ, κυη 1 ῤομῖοηταρ να
 ηῖηη-ῖῤεάλτα 1ρ ῖηη ατά αῤαηη ηειρ να ηαῖηῖαηῖ το
 κύμαῖ ῖαν Ἰηῖηαη ῖαν τ-οῖτῖαῖ ηαοηρ ῖεαῖ. Τόῤ ηαη
 ῖηη κομῖοηταιρ ηαηρ 1ρ ῖηη-ῖηεαῖῤαῖτ ῖαη. 1ρ εηητε
 ηάη λείῖεαῖταη ῖηῖοε να Ἰηῖηαη ηαῖη “Τόῤαῖ ῖηηῖοη
 ῖά ῖειῤα,” ηά “Τάη ῖό Κυαῖῤηη,” ηά ῖῖορ “Τοῖ-
 ηαηρ Εηηρ,” αῖτ ῖη-α τταοῖ ῖαη 1ρ ιονηαη ηάῖ ῖῖοη αη
 ηοῖ ῖοῖῖηῖῖε ατά ῖε ῖαῖῖαῖ ῖηα η-ῖηη-ῖῤεάλταη ῖεο
 αῤηρ 1 η-αῖηῖαηῖ ῖοῖαῤαῖ ηῖ ῖαῖαῖῖε 1ρ Εοῖαη
 ῖαῖο ηῖ ῖῖηῖεαῖαη. ηῖ ηεαῖ αῖαῖη ῤο ῖῖηῖ ῖεαῖῖ-
 ηαῖ ῖε ῖεῖῖε αεα ηαη α ῖῖηῖῖεά ῖοηρ ῖτάῖταῖ αοῖηηηηε,
 εῖοῖ ῤο ηῖεαῖ α η-ηῖῖαη ῖάηη-ῖεῖῖῖῖε ὁ η-α ῖεῖῖε, αῖτ
 αηηρῖ 1ρ ιονηαη να ῖηηαηητε 1ρ αη ηοῖ ῖοῖῖηῖῖε. 1ρ
 ιονηαη α η-ιουῖαίῖεαῖτ ῖῖαηη αῖ τῖαῖτ ταη ηαηρ
 ηάῖῖῖῖα 1ρ ῖαοηηα, 1ρ ῤο εηητε αῖ κυη ῖῖορ αη λείη-
 ηαηρ ῖαη.

waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhre. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy ; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and indentivity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read “The Destruction of Da Derga’s Hostel,” or “The Cattle Spoils of Cooley,” or yet “The Wooing of Emir,” nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost indentical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O’Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O’Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

1ῖ τοῖς λιν-νε συγιορμα τὰ céile 1 moð foill-
 riḡte, amíam eoḡam Ruarò aḡur úr-rḡeálta mar
 “Tóḡáil bḡuròne τὰ Deirḡa,” ná a bḡuirl nuarò 1ῖ árra
 o’aoil liriḡeac̃t eile ’ran eoḡuip—ná Shelll aḡur
 beoulr, ná Goethe aḡur an Nibelungenlied. Ac̃t
 cuip 1 ḡcuimne ḡo bḡuirl foillriḡaò ionḡantaç na rean-
 uḡoar 1o leacuiḡte 1 n-úr-rḡeáltaib̃ fada, oeaḡ-ḡuimne,
 oeaḡ-çúmta, táit̃te 1 bḡuór 1ó-ḡreanñta. Ac̃t ’ran
 τ-oçtmaò haolr oeaḡ, aḡur tim̃ceall na haimr̃ie rin, to
 b’éiḡin coçall filiḡeac̃ta to çuip ar uḡoar, 1ῖ a aḡneaõ
 to ḡriḡuḡaò le oian-ḡeiriḡ oántam̃ail r̃ul a bḡuiriḡeá
 an foillriḡaò céaoḡa uarò. B’éiḡin a meab̃air to çuip
 ar leit̃-meiriḡe le cuim̃aò nó ḡr̃aò nó éao nó foim̃ao.
 Ní ḡan r̃oim̃uib̃ f̃iaðaine filiḡeac̃ta to liriḡeann a
 aḡneaõ ar maçt̃nam̃ ar ḡiḡi-m̃aire náoũr̃ta nó oaoḡna.
 To r̃ḡiḡoð an rean-uḡoar 1 bḡuór f̃ocair, çuim̃, maor̃ta,
 ac̃t b’filiḡeac̃t an r̃uór r̃ain, çioð ná r̃aib̃ r̃é r̃uimne
 1 meaõar. To m̃air r̃é 1 n-aimeiri f̃ocair, çnearta, aḡur
 to bí báro aḡe le breáḡtaçt. B’é r̃uór a úr̃lað̃ia
 náoũr̃ta, aḡur 1ῖ iao çáil̃iðe an r̃uóir rin ná neart,
 r̃ocuiḡeac̃t 1ῖ léir̃-iom̃áḡeac̃t.

Má’r mian linn an τ-aḡneaõ ḡaeðealaç o’ḡeic̃r̃int
 ’n-a r̃liḡið náoũr̃ta r̃éin, ḡan cuip ir̃teaç air le r̃maçt̃
 tar f̃air̃iḡe, ní r̃ul̃air̃ oúinn an rean-r̃uór ḡaeðealaç
 to léiḡeaõ. To m̃air na huḡoar to bí aḡaim̃ le
 oé̃r̃eanaḡe 1 n-aimeiri buar̃earta; ní r̃aib̃ r̃é o’ḡonñ
 oir̃ta r̃ḡiḡoðaõ 1 n-aon-çoi syg milleaõ an τ-anam̃ aca
 le b̃r̃on 1ῖ le buile, 1ῖ syg lar r̃ear̃iḡ a ḡeoĩoçte, aḡur 1

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like “ The Destruction of Da Derga’s Hostel,” approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envey. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their

η-α λαοιότιβ—cioð nári cúnniúgeaθaí oíτa—ατά cáλιθe
 na pean-uúθaí zo íoiléiri le feicirint. Caiτpimíθ an ion-
 nanaóτ ííoiuiaíθe rin na pean-litpuúgeaóτa ír na nuao-
 litpuúgeaóτa θo túiγpint zo íó-úléineao, má'í mian linn
 bpeit éométuom θo éabaipe ai ai litpuúgeaóτ zo léiri,
 ír í θo meáθaó í η-αúaió litpuúgeaóτa na heoippa ír
 an θomian í γcoitciann. Ír le congnaí ó'nnuaó-
 litpuúgeaóτ zuí péioií θúinn epaoβpγaoileao éiγin
 oipeamínaó θo cúri ai úri-pγeáltauí na pean-uúθaí.
 Míniúgeann an tpean-litpuúgeaóτ a lán θá bpuil neamí-
 únáτaó, θo-túigpe í η-amíánaíβ ír í noántaíβ na
 hoótiuaó haoipe θéaγ. Ní heao nári oγaií an litpuúgeaóτ
 úaeóealaó í péin amaó, ír ná θeaóaió rí í bpeaθaí ír í
 noéine ír í nγéipe, aóτ zuíab é an paúar peabaií éioc-
 paó ai épiéan-aigíneao épiéteamail le neaipe buaióeapiτa
 ír léiri-buile.

Níoi b'péioií linn cunnτaí ceaipe θo éabaipe ai
 íaióβpeaóτ focal ír ai móó lonuiaó íoillpíúτe eoúam
 Ruaió ír Míe Óomíaiíí, ír íliθe na haoipe rin, muna
 mbeao íoií lámaíβ aγamí le léiúeao, “Tóúaií bpuíθne
 θá θeipγa,” “Tám bó Cuailúne,” “Toemaipe Emí,”
 “Caé Ruip na Ríú,” 7c. Ó ampií an úri-pγeíl, “Tóúaií
 bpuíθne θá θeipγa,” zo haippií eoúam Ruaió, ní'l
 amíar ná zo íaiβ tpiát í η-ai éuaió ai litpuúgeaóτ í
 η-olcaí, aóτ níoi aéapíuiúγ rí íuaí a epit, aγup atá rí
 'η-ai meapγ le θéiθeanaúge níoi íaióβpe ír níoi lonn-
 íaiúge 'ná íuaí.

poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors—though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mac Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read “The Taking of Da Derga’s Hostel,” “The Cattle Spoil of Cooley,” “The wooing of Emir,” “The Battle of Ros na Righ,” &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

AN DARA HALT.

ΤΟΓΒΑΙΛ BRUIÒNE DÁ DERGA.

Λαβῆματι ἑταρ ἀπὶ “Τόγββαίλ Βρuiòne Dá Derga,”
 ἀγυρ τοῦδῆματι γυρ β’ιονηαν αἰνοῦ ποιλῆριζτε ἀγυρ
 μοῦ ποιλῆριζτε na η-αἰηῖάν τοο cumaḡ i nÉηunn τὰ
 céao γο leiṭ βλιαḡan ó joim. Ἦρ mian linn ἀηγο
 τυαιμυγ εἰζην τοο ἑαḡαιμτ ἀπὶ an ἡμ-γḡéal ḡpeannṭa
 πο ατά curṭa amaḡ le uéròeanaiḡe ἴpan *Revue Celtique*,
 ἦρ αητμυζτε i mḡéarṭa le uicṭei Stócep. Bameann
 an τ-eaḡṭṭa πο le hḡm-γḡéalṭaib̃ Cón Cúlaimn ἦρ
 “Τάιμε βό Cuailḡne.” Δῶτ τὰ πέ uειḡίλτε óη ḡcuio eile
 τοογ na γḡéalṭaib̃ peo. Ατά πέ leiṭ πέim fá leiṭ, ἀγυρ
 níṭ deaḡmaḡ γυρ áḡṛa an τ-ἡμ-γḡéal é. Fagṭar
 i “Leaḡar na hḡròpe” é, leaḡar τοο γḡmíobao ἴpan
 τ-aonmḡao haoir uéag, ἀγυρ i “Leaḡar Buíoe Lecan,”
 ἀγυρ cuio de ἀηγο ἦρ ἀηγοῦ i leaḡṭaib̃ eile. Δῶτ ἦρ
 uenimn γυρ cumaḡ an γḡéal i βḡao moim̃ αἰμυγ an
 leaḡar ἦρ áḡṛaiḡe uíoḡ πο.

Τριάḡṭann πέ ἀπὶ mḡlleao Cónaḡpe mḡóḡm mic Eaṭaḡ-
 peoib̃ i mḡmuidm̃ Dá Derga. Áḡṭ-mí na hÉḡpeann τοο
 β’eoḡ Cónaḡpe le η-a linn, ἦρ ní maib̃ α leiṭéio τοο μḡḡ
 maib̃ moim̃e i uṭeaḡmaḡ, ἦρ τοο uíoḡm πέ comḡγḡear ἦρ
 eaḡṭann ἦρ léim-ḡoio ἀρ an tíḡm ἀρ fao. Δῶτ u’éimḡrò-
 eaḡar α cōm-uáḡṭaíoe ἦ-α cōmmib̃, ἦρ u’aoṇṭuḡḡeaḡar
 le hḡmγḡéal, ó ḡpeaṭam, mḡlleao τοο u’éanaib̃ ἀπὶ uṭḡḡḡ

CHAPTER II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in "The Book of Dun Cow," a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in "The Yellow Book of Lecan," and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgéal from Britain, that they

í n-Albain, ír annrain í nÉirinn. Nuair do bíodair as
teacht go talam na hÉireann, do bí Conaire as riubál
le n-a buirín le hair Baile Átha Cliath, agus as déanam
ar búirín Dá Deirga, ní laigeann. Ainigio an dá
buirín fuaim ír foiríom a céile, ír aicnigio san
mearbail gur bíom í fuaim a namas. Ba hiongantach
é gabáil ír tógbáil Conaire, ír ní maib ré acht í n-a
“giola óg amulchach” nuair do roemigeasó n-a míg
í oTeamair é, acht do cuiriasó geara trioma, damheana
air, í gcár náir bífuairte óó uil ó túbairt ír ó léir-
milleasó. Ír iasó ro na geara do cuiriasó air:

“Ní thuitíur deareal Tempach ocuṛ tuaithebuil
mbreṣ.

“Níur tairnichter lat clannmíle Cernai.

“Ocuṛ níur echtra cach nomas n-aioche reach
Theamair.

“Ocuṛ níur fací í tíg ar mbi eṣṣa puillí teneas
mmach iar fumeas nṣpéine 7 mbi echna dammuis.

“Ocuṛ ní tairra muṛ tṛi Deirga do tṛig Deirṣ.

“Ocuṛ níur maṣbairter oibers ío flaitṛ.

“Ocuṛ ní tae dam aennma no enṣíur í tech foir iar
fumeas nṣpéine.

“Ocuṛ ní a huppar augra do da moghuṛ.”

Ír léir go maib an t-áṣ n-a éomnib ó túir, agus an
oipeas sam geara do léigean air, agus ná maib aon
uil aige iasó do feachasó ar fasó.

Í gcúrra an rṣeíl do énasó ré í n-aṣasó na nṣeara
ro go léir, agus ba óasor an oioṣaltar do baineasó
ar. Ír mme í muṛ an eactra do éumuisṣ ré ar na

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected :

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset ; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red's house.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind

ἡγεραὶβ ρεο το βί μαρ ἑπομνησέατ αι, ιρ αι
 ουλ 'η-α η-αῖαὶ τοό ιρ μιμιο το κυρρεαὶ ι η-υμῖαι
 τοό λε νεαρτ ἑπομνησέατα ἡο μαὶβ μιλλεαὶ ιρ
 τυβαρτ 'η-α ἐομῖαι. ιρ τρμυαῖςμῖελεαὶ ἐ ρῡεάλ αν
 τοεαῖς-μῖοῖς ρο, αῖς τοέαναμ μαῖτεαρα το'η τραιοῖαλ μόρι-
 οτιμῖεαλλ, αῖςυρ λε λινν ἡαὶ μαῖτεαρα αῖς βμυρεαὶ τρῖε
 η-α ἡγεραὶβ ιρ αν τ-αῖς τοά ἐεανῡαίτ λε ρλαβμια ιαρμιαμν
 νά ρέατοραὶ α βμυρεαὶ. Νί'λ ρῡεάλ νά εαὶτμια λε ραῖςβῖαι
 ι λεαβμιαὶ νά ι μβῖεάλ να ρεανῖαίτοε ἐομ τοίλβ, ἐομ
 τρμυαῖςμῖελεαὶ λε ρμυρ ιρ ἐομῖεαρῡα αν ἐμῖαίτο ρεο λε
 η-α αῖς τοῖμα ρῖεμ, ιρ ἐ ρά τοῖοῖς αῖς τυττιμ ἡαν τρμυαῖς
 ἡαν ταιρε τοό. Ἐτοεαν ρῖε ρῖεμ ἡο ροίλῖμ ἡο βμυλ ρῖε
 αῖς ουλ αι α αμῖεαρ; ιρ 'η-α τοῖαίτο ρμ νί ραῖαν ρῖε αν
 ρῖεμ βμυρεαὶ α ἡεαρα το ρεαῖναὶ. Ὑί α τοίλ μῖο-λαῖς.
 ιρ βί αν ιομαὶ το ἡγεραὶβ μαρ ἑπομνησέατ αι. Ὑα
 τοῖοῖς λεατ ἡμυ ἐμυρεαυαρ να τοῖτε ἐομῖε αι αν
 ραιοῖαλ ἐμ ἐεαρ μαῖαίτο το τοέαναμ το, "quoties voluit
 fortuna joculari." Νί μαὶβ α λειτέιτο το μῖς μῖαμ ρομῖε
 ρμ αι ρεαβαρ ιρ αι ἐομῖεπομαῖτ :

"ιρ να ρλαίτ αταίτ να τρῖ βαρμυ ρορ Ἐμντο .ι. βαρμυ
 υιαρ 7 βαρμυ ροοτῖ 7 βαρμυ μερρα. ιρ μα ρλαίτ αρ
 εhombino λα εαχ ρῖμ ἡυτῖ αραιε οεμυ βετῖρ τέτα
 μενυεχμιοτ αι ρεβαρ να εάνα, 7 ιν τρῖα 7 ιν εhám-
 εομμιαε ραίλ ρεεhmon να ηἘμντο."

Αῖτ ιρ ἐ τρμυαῖς αν ρῡείλ ἡμυ β'ε αν ρεαβαρ εῖατονα,
 αῖςυρ αν ἐομῖεπομαῖτ νεαμ-ἡνῖαταὶ το μῖεαλλ ἐ ἐμ
 ρλῖῡεαὶ α τοῖαίρ. Ὑί ρῖε το ἡγεραὶβ αιρ ἡαν ρῖοτῖάμ
 το τοέαναμ ιοιρ βειρτ τοά ἡῖεῖβλεαῖαίβ, αῖτ νῖοι λῖῡς α

these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock “as often as Fate wished to make merry.” There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice :

“In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of corn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other’s voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin.”

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two “thralls,” but his

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghán Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story :

“ There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

“ There she was undoing her hair to wash it White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthy the fingers. Long were the hands The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Solurpuitomto inn erce ina faeragaito upthochail uailli ina minnalzib puitthen, puiuzhe ceachtari a da iuz porc. Tibpi annupa ceachtari a da ziuaio co n-amlio mo cibren do ballaib bith choicua co noeizi fola laiz 7 apail eile co solur zili pneacnta. Uocmaerwacho banamail ina zlori cem foruo n-inmalla acci, tochim iuznaiti le. Ba pi tria ar caemaem agur ar alioeam agur ar coriam atconnaricathari iuli doine de muáib uomain. Ba doiz leo beo a pithaib oi. Ba fua arbpeth "cputh cach co hētam." "Caem cach co hētam."

Níl puzhe agaimn annpo triáct ar bpeázctáct na bpuirone; ar a cuio reomia aepeaca doibne, ar eualláct uapal, meanmac Conaire, ar a léim-maire ir ar a ppéipeamlaect, ar a éaoine ir ar a mópóáct, ar na céadótaib do tuit le n-aláim i zcunmanzmaect coimuzgairi, ar na cupaótaib do zoin ir do mull pé dá coraint féin zhan bpuz, ar a ág uocma féin, ar tpuaz a léim-tarita. mar éizgeann ir aictéann pé deoc ir zhan doinne 'ran bpuiróm cum a íota do múcáó, mar do faorfaó don deoc amám é ar lán-tuile a tubairte, ir zhan an deoc pain le fazbáil, ná fóp ar barzaó ir milleaó ir dozgaó ir léim-bpupeaó na horóce im. Ba uóiz leat zup bi an tria do dozgaó ir do leazaó apir le pluaztaib na n-eaetpam :

"Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando

Explicet, aut quis posset lacrimis aequare labores?"

wooning in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfmounds. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?" *

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

an treas alt.

uir-séalta báineas le coin cúlaimh.

Ir mar a céile Cú Cúlaimh iní na sean-rséaltaibh
 ḡaeḡealaḡa ir diéil i mbeairt áruite ḡeáctmaróibh
 ḡríḡealaḡa. Maireann Cú Cúlaimh i n-a lán do sean-
 rḡeáltaibh ḡaeḡealaḡa 'n-a cúpaḡ oimḡearc, ir 'n-a laoc
 éat-buaḡaḡ; aḡur i n-a lán eile oíobh ir é pḡíom-
 míleaḡ na n-éaḡt ar a tḡmáḡtar é. 'N-a tḡobh raim ní
 oia ná ḡeamhan Cú Cúlaimh aḡt tuinne ḡaonna. bíḡḡ ḡo
 ḡtaḡann aḡarḡuḡaḡ ionḡantaḡ aḡi ó uair ḡo huair le
 neairt éaḡtaḡ éiḡin ḡmaoḡealaḡa. Ir ríaḡam. fearḡaḡ,
 ríocḡair i ḡeaḡaibh 'r i ḡcomlann é. aḡt ní ḡan tairc.
 ḡan tḡuaḡḡmíel a émaḡe. Ir é cúpaḡ Cúḡrḡ Ulaḡ é,
 aḡur ḡlóirí Eamhan Maḡa, ir eí coranta Cúlaimh. Ní
 cúpaḡ laocḡa ná eḡumḡuḡaḡ ḡaomeaḡ eaḡla ná
 uamhan aḡi, aḡur ir tḡom é béim a cúro aḡim ir tḡu-
 raimh a lánne i lár comḡearḡair.

Cíḡḡ náir ba ḡeamhan é rém, léiḡmíḡ —

“ḡur a ḡairḡetar imḡe boecánaḡ ocar bananaḡ ocar
 ḡemḡi ḡlínḡi ocar ḡemna a eóir. ḡaḡ ḡa beḡtir ḡuaḡa
 'Oé ḡananna ḡḡairḡuḡ imḡirḡum comḡaḡ móḡi a ḡrám
 ocar a eḡla ocar a ḡrúaḡ ocar a ḡrúamam meáḡ eath
 ocar in eac eathḡi in eac comlunḡ ocar in eac comḡuc
 i tḡiḡiḡ.”

Ní aontuḡmíḡ i n-aon-éor leir na huḡḡaraibh a
 ḡéarḡaḡ náḡ ḡaonna an cúpaḡ rḡ. Ní'le i ḡCoin Cúlaimh.
 a ḡeḡuḡ. 'nuair a bíonn fearḡ ir eḡaor aḡi, ir 'nuair a

CHAPTER III.

ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulainn, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulainn is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culann. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, “There shouted around him Bocanachs and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went.”

We do not agree by any means with those authors

cunneann fhu a fácaínt na laocra cum báir, aét an
 ghuann breágh, lonnias, lapaíail, agh cur a tear i gcéim,
 aghur 'nuair a tagann an t-aéarhuíghaó éacrae air le
 neair a "martraio" ní'l ann aét an ghuann éeasna fá
 uib-rgamallail. ir fá úir-úoiréuighaó éeoiú. Ir labraio
 na huíghair reo air breacaó an lae tré néaltail na
 rpreire, mar corraílaet to Coin Cúlann. Aét ir uoiú
 linn-ne ná fhuil don ghabaó to raíluighaet na gmeie
 ná to uib-rgamallail neime aghann cum éacrae Con
 Cúlann, mar a bfoillriúghair uínn iao 'rha húir-
 rgéaltail, to tuighint. Ní'l i n-eacrae Con Cúlann
 aét rgéal móir-cunair to corraíil a cúighaó ó amairail
 na bfeair n'éirheannaó ór na ceirre cúighuóil eile, ir go
 mail a éacrae uá n-aíur agh báirail uile na tíre. Ní
 ceairt ghuann ná ceo ná rgamail to tabairt irteaó gan
 fáet, aghur ní'l i n-úir-rgéaltail a bamear le n-air
 ghuair fáet ná áubair raíluighaet uá raígar. Ní
 heaó ná gur iunneáó gníomairta leir ná tig le uime
 uonna to uéanair gan cabair ó uéitil, nó ó uéanairail,
 aét ní uéanann raíil ghuann ná uia ué. Uí aicil uonna
 go leoir—air taob a aet air air don trliúghaó—aét cunneann
 pallar lonnias glóirair 'n-a timéail, i utreio go
 ghuirto rluighaet le heagla uá amair, aghur neair-
 uighaann rí a ghuet, i utreio go utagann anfaó air buiróil
 na Trae, ir go utreann a ghuir air air a láirail le
 ruair a lúire.

Ir fíor éacrae macgníomairta Con Cúlann. aét ní
 uéanann raíil uia ná ghuann ná taruóire ué. Ní mail ann
 aét leaibán 'nuair cur ré ionghaó air iománairuóil óga

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúipte an míog. Do éis céas go leit díob íarriacét ar é do mairbá, aét níor bíféoiri leo fú é do gortuá. Gluairéann ré 'n-a noiar, agus tuiteann easaas díob le n-a lán, agus ríócaio an éio eile ó. Ní maib ré an triac fann aét éis bliaóna ó'aoir. Do iunne ré éaceta níor ionganaiže ó bliaóain go bliaóain, agus do iut a éail ar fuair na óúit'ce ar fad. Tá cunnar ar an gcuaó ro i n-a lán ó'úir-rgéaltaib. aét ir ias ro na rgealta a baineas leir, ar ir feáir a bfuil aine. "Tógáil bhuíone Dá Deirga," "Tám bó Cuailgne," "Cat Ruir na Rí," "Seirglige Conculann," "Fleó bhuirpeno," "Toémairc Emir." Níl aon rgeal díob ro éom bpeág. éom bíógmair le "Tám bó Cuailgne." Úir-rgéal cuairéac ir ead an "Tám" go bfuil óótain aon litirgeaceta nó teangas ían toimán ann, úir-rgéal lán ó'eaétmaíob aoinne, agus ó'eaétaib i n-a bfuilrígítear cmoáét ir meannamóm-éuaó. Cioó gur rgeal págánaé é, níl mí-éneartaét ná mí-náóir ar éacét ná ar gíomíoe. Anirio ir anirio táio rtaíca fuilrígíte le fagbáil ann éom hálainn, éom lonnmaé ir geobfauoe i litirgeacét na Romá. Tá an éaint boib, paróbir, ir na bmaáir bíógmair, léir-milir, ir ní fúlaí o'n léigíteoiri fann do éir i n-éacétaib ir i ngíomáircaib an rgeil ro. agus go móir-móir i gcmoáét ir i meannam, ir i móir-émoíeacét Con Culann.

Tá Cúigeasó Ulaó as fupre i gcomuib na gcúigeasó eile, agus ir é Cú Culann fál coranta Cúigíó Ulaó; ir é gleacauoe a óaomeas i n-uét an baogail; ir

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricriu," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he

é a lonniamó polair i n-oiriceacht pléibhe, i' a gcomairce
 óin, i' a gceann bagair i n-aíaró a namas. I' gceall
 le haontuḡaó muinntire na heoirpa uile i gcommh
 napóleon aontuḡaó na gceitire gcúigeaó i n-aíaró
 Con Cúlaimn, aét gur mó oibruḡeann an Cú gpiotóe
 rin le neart a colna féin ná marí ceann uiriaró ar
 rluaidtib. Cuirceann comrac donfiri átar ar a épiotóe.
 Sáruḡeann móir-cuiraó 'ran ló é; aét an fáir a bíonn
 ré ag pléiró leir an gcuiraó rain, tá neart ag rluag na
 bfeair nēirceannaó ghuirceacht pompa com fára agur
 i' féirir leo. Aét ní rlan ná poláin laoc ná cuiraó
 'n-a óiaró. I' fíoir go deimh ná cuirceann ré fceirgur
 cum báir, aét ní'l fonn ar fceirgur buan-comrac do
 cuir air. I' iomóa caé i' comearḡair ar a otriáctann an
 “Táin,” aét ní'l éaét 'ran rḡeal i' fceáir cuircear i
 n-uimail oimh nóra cnearta ar n-aíreac, a nreag-
 béara, i' a nraonnaét 'ná comrac donfiri Con Cúlaimn
 i' fceircear ag an áé.

Com-óaltairó do b'eáó na cuiróe reo do hoilearó
 le Sḡátaig i' doire, aét go maib an Cú i b'rao
 níoir óige ná fceircear, agur anoir, ciot go bfuil
 cpiotóe na beirce ar léir-laraó le lán-fceirḡ i n-aíaró
 an comearḡair, ní óeacáiró báir a gcom-óaltacair
 i bfuairce aca, agur i' gceall le bpiáitrib gpiáóaca
 iad ag teagmáil le n-a céile ar maroin lae an
 comrac, i' ag rḡaraó le céile i gcomair na hoitóe,
 go bpiúḡte, leointe, tar éir fupire i' anpióig an comear-
 ḡair. Ní oóig gur rḡpióbaó rḡair ná úir-rḡeal puam

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The "Cattle Spoil" describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

ι n-a n-ιomέpαιo μόpι-έcupαίoε ιαo pέιν λειp an oipeao cneapταέτα ιp μόpι-έμοιoδεαέτα. Ιp oemínn ná puiλ ι λειpυζεαέτ na Ρόaíη ná na Σpείze cupαó cοm huapal, cοm meanmac, cοm oeaḡ-αιzeantαó le Coin Cúlainn. 'Nuairi a teaḡmυiḡio le céile ap bpuac an áta, cuipeann pεpτοiao páilte píoip-έaoín μοim an Cοin. "Mo éen oο tuéctu, a Cuculaino," ap pέ, aḡup tap éip μόpι-έoοa aḡallain, λuiḡio ap cοmḡiac, aḡup um έpιάτ-νόna, tap éip tuippe ιp anpαιó an cοmḡiac, "Scupem oε pοoain baοepτα a Cuculaino," ap pεpτοiao. Oo pḡup-aoap ó céile, aḡup aḡ po map έpιάέτann an "Táin" ap έaoíne ιp ap éneapταέτ a munnτεaptoáip :—

"Bhaéimopeτ a n-aiμμ uathu ilλάmaib a n-apao. Tánic các oíb o'inoρaizio apaiλε app aithle ocap maβepic các oíb lám oap bpiázic apaiλε, ocap ma έaiuibip teópa póc. Ra bátap a n-eic in oen pcup in n-aiócí pin, ocap a n-apao ic oen tenio; ocap bo ḡnίpetap a n-apao corpaim lepτα úpλuaέpa oοib, ḡo pμιthaoapitaib pεp nḡona pμu. Tancatap piallac icci ocap legip oα n-icc ocap oα λeizep, ocap pocheμoetap lubi ocap loρpa icci ocap plánpen ma cneoαib ocap cpeéταib, má n-álταib ocap má n-ilḡonaib. Cac lubi ocap cac loρa icci ocap plánpen ma βepitheα ma cneoαib ocap cpeéταib alταib aḡup ilḡonaib Conculaino, ma ionaictea com-μaino uao oib oap át piai o'pμipτοiao, na maβbμaitip pμi hεpeno oα tuiteo pεpτοiao leppum, ba himmapic-μao legip oα βepao paiμ."

An oapa lá aḡup an tpeap lá oó'n cοimeapḡeap iom-έpao na cupαίoε ιaο pέín ap an ḡcupαó ḡcéaona, acτ ḡup tuairi Cú Cúlainn milleao a namao an ceάpμainao lá oó'n cοimeapḡap, aḡup oá bpiḡ pin ḡup pḡapaoap

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Grece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn," he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, "let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn," says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus "The Cattle Spoil" describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship:—

"They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at the same fire; and their charioteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men's pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)"

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-

ó céile lán do buairíocht ír do bhuíghaó-cloíde an tpearf
oíche. An ceathrúnaí láchagann neart neamh-ghnátha
i gComh Culainn, agus áthruisgeann a “marthad” é go
lán-ionghantaí go —

“Rop lín aat ocar imrítri, mar anáil illér, co
noejma thuais n-uachtar, n-acbéil, n-iluacht, n-iong-
antaí de; go mba metitri ma fomóir, na me fer mara,
in milio móir éalma, óir chinn fíreath i ceit airtí.”
Agus annairn torruisgeann a gcomhac i gceart. “Ba
ré olúr n-imairc da mionratar, go ma comhairretar a
cinn ar n-uachtar, ocar a corra ar n-íctar, ocar aillama
ar n-imeothón dar bilib ocar cobharaib na reiaí. Ba
ré olúr n-imairc da mionratar, go mo oluigret ocar go
mo oluigret a réicé ó a mbilib go a mbionti. Ba
ré olúr n-imairc da mionratar, go mo fillre tar, ocar
go mo lurratar, ocar go mo suarairretar a rleza, ó a
pennai go a n-eilannaí, 7c.”

An láchagann, do méir éuar na Con, do goineath
ferriath tar fóir, agus —

“Rabert Cuculainn ríoi da fíagí ar a aile ocar
ma iad a da láim thair, ocar tuarraig leir cona arim
ocar cona eimuo ocar cona etgúo dar áth fathair é.”

I gceall le bean éaonte an cuiaí buathá úo ag caoi
an laoií do leas ré, i mannaib doibne, ír i milir-íróir.

I noejmaí na “Tána” tá tráct ar comhac ion-
ghantaí ríoi dá tarib—tarib geal-aóaricá ó Connaictaib,
ír tarib donn a hultaib—gum deacair a fáirghaí ar
géire ír ar íóir-óéine. Aet ní l rligé agann annro
cum cunnar do éabairt ar an gcomhac rann.

Foilirigítear cneartaí ír maire Con Culainn dúinn

fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his “distortion,” so that

“He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad.” “And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts.”

On that day, in accordance with the Hound’s foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

“Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards.”

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzas of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the “Cattle Spoil” there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn’s mildness of disposition, as well as his

φόρ, ι γζéal eile τά ηγαίμντεαρ “Τοόμαιε Εμνι,”
 αζυρ φαζam τυαιμνζ α εαζναότα ι “Σειμζλιζι Con-
 culamto.” Το τυιτ αν κυμαό φα όεοιζ ι ζCατ Μαιζε
 Μνιμντεμνε.

Οιοό ζυρ μόρι αν μεαρ ατά αμ Ćoncubam, αμ Ćearζυρ,
 ιρ αμ Ćεριοιαο, ιρ αμ α λάν λαοό eile αμ α οτριάόταιο να
 hύμ-γζéalτα πο, ní κυρτα ι ζcomόρταρ λοιόne όιοό le
 Com Ćulamto. Νίλ κυμαό τά έρμέne ιρ τά μέανmam ι
 γταρταιβ ná ι n-ύμ-γζéalταιβ na hÉimeam. Ταρβεάνam
 pé 'n-a ζníoμamταιβ ιρ 'n-a έαόταιβ φέim cμoόαότ ιρ
 meanma, cneapταότ ιρ caomíeaότ αμ μνμρεαρ μνλ αμ
 λapaό πολαρ na Cμíoρτυoόeaότα 'pan τίμ.

—————:o:—————

an ceatram aó halt.

—————

na sgealta fionnuigeáta.

Ιρ γεall le μαμ α όéile Cú Ćulamto μν na pean-
 γζéalταιβ ζαεόeaλαόa αζυρ Φionn Mac Cumáil ι μόρι-
 βοιζ το γζéalταιβ níορ oέíoeanaiζε. Μόρι-κυμαό το
 b'eaó Φionn, αζ α μαιb πορ ionζantaό, αζυρ τάμ ζέιλ-
 leaοαρ complaότ meap, líútmam, acμmneac. αμ α
 ηγαίμντιoόe an Φiann, nó Φianna Éimeam. Mac o'Φionn το

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called “The Wooing of Emir,” and we get an account of his wisdom in the “Sick Bed of Cuchulainn.” The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.*

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CHAPTER. IV.

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THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fionn Mac Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fionn was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiann, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisín was the son of Fionn, and the primal

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O’Curry’s “Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish,” Vol. III. Appendix.

β'εαὸ Οἰρίν, πρῖον-ῖλε na hÉipeann, aḡur mac do-ḡann
 aḡúr do β'εαὸ Οἰḡαρ, nár β'féirir do ḡáruḡaὸ i ṽtréine
 ir i ḡerodáct. Bíonn Diaḡmaro Ua Duibne ir Caoilte
 Mac Rónáin ḡo coitcíann 'n-a β'roḡair ríúo. B'έαḡταḡ
 an ḡaoḡal do éairḡeari Fianna Éipeann aḡ β'ruḡean,
 aḡ ruḡ, aḡ ḡealḡ, aḡ cluicḡaὸ na ḡcairḡíar ir na β'rool-
 éon. Ní ḡairḡ coilḡ, ná ḡleanḡ, ná ḡliab i n-Éipunn i
 ṽtaoḡ amuḡ ḡo Cúḡeaὸ Ulaὸ nár éuḡarar cuairḡ ann.
 Ba minic ḡo cor-éarḡiom iar aḡ ruḡ ar ḡéirḡ-βánḡairḡ
 Cille Dara, ir níor β'annam a ḡunnearar móir-ḡealḡ ar
 ḡorḡm-β'ruaḡairḡ Loḡa Lém.

Cioḡ ná ḡairḡ ḡruaḡ do β'féile ná Fíonn ḡém—

“Dá maḡ ór in duille doḡn,

Cuḡuor oi in caill,

Dá maḡ airḡet in ḡealḡonn,

Ro éirḡairḡeo Fíonn”—

ní ḡairḡ ḡé ḡan ḡearḡ ir éar ir ṽroḡ-airḡeaὸ. Ir minic
 a bíonn na Fianna i n-arar leir i ṽtaoḡ a ṽroḡ-airḡirḡ
 i ḡconḡirḡ Óiaḡmaro. Fiu Οἰḡαρ ḡém, ní máirḡeann ḡé
 ḡocal do éeann na β'Fíann.

Amairḡ a duibḡamar aḡ ḡráct ar Cóm Cúlaimḡ, b'έαḡταḡ
 iar mac-ḡníomairḡa Fínn, aḡur ir beaḡ áir i nÉipunn ná
 ḡuirl ḡuan éirḡ i nṽiarḡ a lánne. Ir iomḡa ḡliab, ar a
 nḡoirḡear “Suirḡe Fínn,” aḡur ir iomḡa árḡán 'n-a β'ruirl
 ḡalán móir cluicḡ aḡur ḡuan a mḡar air; aḡur ḡór,
 níḡ baile i nÉipunn ná ḡuirl a ann aḡur ann a com-
 plaḡta ḡo beaḡt. cinnte i mbéal na nṽarḡmeaὸ ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisín had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Romain are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fionn in generosity—

“Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from
it gold,

Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have
given it all away”—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called “Suidhe Fim,” and many is the height in which there is a huge stone “galán” having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately

bíodó náir aihuḡeasó muam 'n-a meafḡ ainm bḡmair na
 boimne ná doḡa uí nḡill.

bíodó rḡealta ar fionn ir ar fionnaib éiréann do
 n-aithir in na tighib tuata ar fuair na tuitḡe tamall
 ó fionn, aḡur ní for doib fḡr. Ioir na rḡealtair fionn-
 uḡeasḡa ar ir fḡair a bḡir aithne, áihuḡḡeair ias for,
 “Oíḡeasó Connlaoid.” “Cat fionn Tḡáḡa,” “Easḡra
 Lomnoḡtáin an tSléibe Rife,” “Cuire mḡair uí mḡan-
 anáin ḡo tḡí fionna éiréann.” “Tómuḡeasḡ an ḡiolla
 Deacair aḡur a Capall,” “bḡuḡean éiré cḡmairn,”
 “Tómuḡeasḡ Óiarmasḡa aḡur ḡiáinne,” “Aḡallair na
 Seanómaḡ,” 7c.

Ir fḡoir ḡo bḡir tḡitḡir mḡoir ioir rḡealtair mar ias
 for aḡur na hḡir-rḡealtair bainear le Com Cḡlairn. Ir
 doibne an éairt, ir bḡeasḡa an moḡ foillirighḡe, ir lom-
 mairḡe an doatamalaḡt, aḡur ir uairle, oíre ias na
 cuirḡe i n-ḡir-rḡealtair Com Cḡlairn. Tá na rḡealta
 fionnuḡeasḡa—nó cuir mḡair oíḡ—lán do buasḡ-foc-
 laib, cuirḡa i nḡair a éirle le haḡair a bḡuairne, ir
 ḡan fḡim i n-a mbḡíḡ. aḡur do éairḡ a ḡcuir cairte i
 n-olair i mḡ na mbairḡan, i tḡreḡo ḡo bḡuḡfḡá tḡir
 bḡocal i nḡair a éirle doair bḡíḡ amáin i ḡcuir aca.

Ir oíḡ ḡur b'airair do tḡḡasḡ ḡairasḡ o'fḡairib cḡrḡa,
 ar ar ḡlasḡasḡ fionna éiréann, cum áir-mḡíḡ na hḡiréann
 do cḡrḡair, mḡim airir nḡim ḡáirairḡ. bḡ tairteal
 an ḡairair fḡm ar fuair na hḡiréann ar fḡas aḡt amáin
 i ḡCḡḡeasḡ uḡas. Ir ionḡantaḡ mar do tḡḡ na rḡeal-
 uirḡe Cḡirḡtairḡe fḡar easḡairḡe na bḡairn, ir mar

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, "The Fate of Conlaoch," "The Battle of Ventry," "The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Sliabh Rife," "The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin," "The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse," "The Battle of Ceis Corainn," "The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "The Colloquy with the Ancients," &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do tuisaodair iarmhac̃t air ias̃ t'asontuḡaó le reañc̃ar na
 heaghlair̃e. Páḡánais̃ do b'eaó na fíanna, ac̃t níor̃
 b'as̃on oíog̃báil a n-éac̃ta ir̃ a nḡíom̃air̃ta t'air̃tur̃ do
 luéc̃t an fíri-éier̃om̃, asur̃ t̃á b̃ríg̃ riñ ceap̃ann an
 rḡeal̃uiõe ḡaeóeal̃ac̃ sur̃ f̃an Oir̃ín ir̃ Caoilte 'n-a
 mbeac̃ar̃o i b'as̃o tar̃ éir̃ Caḡa Comair̃ asur̃ Caḡa
 ḡab̃ra asur̃ Caḡa Ollair̃ba asur̃ millte ir̃ barḡta na
 b̃fíann i ḡcoit̃c̃íann. O'f̃an 'n-a b̃rõc̃air̃ áóbar̃ beas̃
 do'n ḡnáĩc̃-fíann. Do rḡair̃ Oir̃ín ir̃ Caoilte le céile,
 asur̃ i ḡcúir̃a a r̃iub̃lóiõe do b̃uail̃ Caoilte um ñas̃m
 páor̃ais̃. B'éac̃tãc̃ an com̃ne do b̃í eac̃or̃ta. B̃í
 ionḡnaó air̃ páor̃ais̃ ir̃ air̃ a m̃uññt̃ir̃ air̃ f̃eic̃r̃int̃ méiõ
 ir̃ t̃ríne ir̃ eal̃mãc̃ta na ḡc̃ur̃aó úo. B'é an rean-
 f̃aoḡal̃ asur̃ an r̃aoḡal̃ nuac̃o i noáĩl a céile, asur̃ b̃í
 an t̃áĩl éneart̃a, éas̃m, éeanaḡac̃ í. B̃í f̃onn air̃ páor̃ais̃
 éac̃ta na b̃fíann do éloir̃int̃, ac̃t tar̃ éir̃ tam̃aill̃ tá
 aih̃mar̃ aig̃e sur̃ dõc̃air̃ t̃á oiaóac̃t é, asur̃ táir̃is̃ t̃á
 aih̃g̃il f̃óir̃-éom̃éas̃ta páor̃ais̃ cum̃ an aih̃mar̃ r̃aiñ do
 bañ de, asur̃ t̃uib̃raod̃air̃ leir̃ rḡeal̃a na ḡc̃ur̃aó do éur̃
 r̃íor̃ “i t̃ám̃loir̃ḡaib̃ f̃ileo, oc̃ur̃ i mb̃mãc̃raib̃ ollam̃an,
 óir̃ buo ḡair̃m̃uḡaó do oir̃onḡaib̃ oc̃ur̃ do deḡ t̃am̃ib̃
 oer̃im̃o aih̃m̃r̃ie eir̃oecht̃ f̃r̃ur̃na r̃ẽélaib̃ riñ.”

Tar̃ éir̃ an uir̃laḡra r̃aiñ r̃iub̃laiõ páor̃ais̃ asur̃
 Caoilte tim̃c̃eall̃ na h̃éir̃eann, asur̃ ní̃l r̃á̃c̃ ná enoc̃
 ná t̃ulãc̃ nac̃ móir̃ ná f̃uil̃ eac̃t̃ra air̃ ó b̃eal̃ Cáoilte.
 Tar̃ éir̃ a t̃ur̃mar̃ t̃eírõo ḡo Team̃air̃ mar̃ a b̃f̃uil̃ Oir̃ín

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisín and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisín and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in "the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime."

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

iompa, ir mar a bfuil fleasó Teannas ar riuibál, agus
 aitéirio Caoilte ir Oirín o'fearaib Éireann gníomairtá
 na bfiann, agus beirio firi Éireann leo na rgealta ram,
 iar rgaritá o'óib, go cúis áirioib na hÉireann. Ó fionn
 amac níor tair rgeal fionnuigeara ar rgealuirde maí,
 ir ní maib baile i nÉirinn ná aitéirio ann ar mair
 na curair ar an látaru rin. Ir o'óig linn féin gur b'é
 beannaet Báorais ar rgealtair Caoilte ir Oirín ro
 tuis an oirio ram rgaritá oirta ar ruiro na tíre :
 ar rin amac níor gabas roir na Cúirioirib eagla beir
 oirta i rtaob na rgeal ro na b'aragana o'aitir.

'San úir-rgeal ar a n'arimtar "Agallam na rean-
 órae," ar ar tuisamar cúintar tuis, ir iomra rgeal
 grínn, ir iomra foillruiasá doibinn, ir iomra rean-
 éinne ar éarair na bfiann, agus ar nóraib na
 rean-airir atá le rarbáil; agus ir b'arag, mair,
 doibinn an éant atá ann foir. Ba o'óig leat go maib
 meabair ir éinne as rae rleann rleirbe, ir teangas as
 rae rroirán, agus foir eolar i rreirbe-láir rae rean-
 foirraig, ir go rreirio rrao a rreir reanair i n-uirail
 ro Caoilte, ir go n-airruiar eirer go teangair
 raonna é, i rreir go rreirrae Báorais é.

Tá rgeal fionnuigeara eir ar a bfuil léir-airne
 as a lán : rin é "Tóirraeet Oirraoas agus rgráinne,"
 i n-a bfoillruiar rínn éas, ir rreir, ir rreir-
 éirraeet fínn. Cioo gur mór-éirio fínn, ní maib
 rgráinne rárta le é beir air mar éirle, agus ro tóig
 rí Oirraoas na rínn i n-a ionas. Tar éir a lán ro
 rreir-éirraeet, tá Oirraoas as rarbáil báir ar rínn

Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisín is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisín recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisín that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Deanna Šulbain, ašur o'féarfaó Fionn é do fáarfaó ó'n mbár oá mb'áil leir deoó uirge do éabairt éirge. Tá Oirgar aš at'éairt air an deoó do éabairt uairó, aét ní'l maiítear 'n-a glóir. Fá o'eirfaó tógann ré uirge ioiri a oá láim, aét tuiteann an t-uirge o'aon-am uairó. Oéanann ré an cleaí céanna aír, ašur an triear uairi air teaét fá o'eín an o'tair oó, "irgar an t-anam je colann Oiarmaoa."

Tar éir báir Oiarmaoa, meallann Fionn Špáinne, ir fanann rí aige go báir.

—:o:—

an cúigeaó halt.

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TRI TRUAIGE NA SGEALUIGEÁTA.

Tá an o'eirfuíteaét ro ioiri an liruigeaét íróir atá ašainn ór na ciantaib ir an liruigeaét do cumao tim-éall aimirie Aoóa Uí Néill, gur minic a bíonn ríóir aimirie Uí Néill tuíac, bíónac, oailb, ašur úiríóir do íróir na rean-uígar lán o'átar ir o'airtear. Do cumao an ríóir rain i n-aimiri na laoc air ná maib eagla ná uaimain, ir do éuir mómpa éaéta ionganataca ir gñíomairta laocair do o'éanain, ašur do junn na gñíomairta rain le meirneaé ir le meanmain. Suíro áro-jušte cum feirtir ir féarta ir bainnir i hallaíóib maireamla;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, "the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body."

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

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CHAPTER V.

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THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

bíto na báirto aḡ cantain le rḡléir iḡ le fíir-binnear, aḡur líontair cmoíde na n-uairle, ioiri fear iḡ bean. le hátar le neart milreácta a ḡceoil. ḡluairto ḡair-ḡiúig óáraáa air riuḡal fá ḡearaib̃ éum rmaéct to éum air átaé mío-náiraeáé éigin, nó éum bean uaral to míoíteaeáé ó óaoir-bhuirto. Tá réan iḡ ronar air an oíir air fao. Tá fuaim átar riu i oirrearaib̃ coimearḡair iḡ i ḡcoḡao na lann inḡ na laetib̃ reo.

Áct anoir iḡ airí, i mbeátaíto na nḡairḡiúaeáé ro, bíonn éaeáta tpiuaig̃míleaeáa 'nuair éumreann oíoc-maítear iḡ fearig iḡ fíocmairaeáct míoḡ donar iḡ tubairt air éumaoaib̃; iḡ ní ḡan úir-rḡeáaltaib̃ tpiuaig̃míleaeáa atá an aimir air reo—rḡeáalta tpiuaig̃iúaeáta ruirte ḡo oearreana, aḡur rlaéctuirḡte ḡo líom̃ta. Táito na rḡeáalta ro aḡainn i nuao-eaḡair, áct ní fíoiri ḡan ruan na rean-aimirre to mótuḡao inḡ na nóraib̃, na rmuairtib̃, iḡ na oíirib̃ cmoíde iḡ riu inḡ na foelaib̃ fíin, ḡo móir-móir inḡ na laoirótib̃ beaḡa atá anirto iḡ anirúto rḡairirḡte tpiú ḡae úir-rḡeál. Tpiáctairto tar aimir i ná raib̃ eolar air laoirótib̃ lairne, ná air éeol na heaḡlaire, aḡur i n-a raib̃ oéirte oá noéanair to laoeaib̃ oiróearae. Táito na húir-rḡeáalta ro, aimaé, lán to áaire iḡ to tpiuaig̃míel, iḡ to fíair-éneartaéct, i oirre na rui a rámuḡao le faḡbáil i mearḡ lirmuḡeaeáta na heorpa oíin aimir éeáona. Ir iao ro na rḡeáalta tpiuaig̃e air iḡ feáir atá airne, “Oíoeao Cloinne Lir,” “Oíoeao Cloinne Uirniḡ,” iḡ “Oíoeao Cloinne Turreann.”

Oála “Oíoró Cloinne Lir,” ní oóig̃ linn ḡo

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos, —tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” “The Fate of the Children of Uisneach,” and “The Fate of the Children of Tuireann.”

As regards “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” it has

mbuaidéad muam ari ari tpuaidiméil nádúirta ir ari ionn-
 áigeaóe neam-éuibearaig. B́i ceatpam leant mó-mair-
 eamail ag Liri—tíuiri mac agur inéan, agur ir í an
 inéan labhar do'n éir eile i mte an rgeil. Ir geáiri
 go bpuair mátar na leant ro bár, agur guri pór Liri a
 oearbriúir doipe. Puatann doipe Clann Liri le puat
 lear-mátar, agur tagann toet buile agur éada 'n-a
 oioó-éioiré 'nuair bpatann rí go otugann a fear fearic
 a cléib toib, agur ná cuipann ré rpir ná puim innte
 féin. B́i ponn uirte iad do éir cum báir, aet níoir
 b'féoir doinne o'fagbáil cum an gníom rin do éanam.
 Le neart a éada do geáirfaó rí rnat a raoáil le n-a
 lám féin, aet go motuigean rí laige a tola ir tair
 mnáimail. Ari an gcuma ro ir corimail le mnaoi mhe
 beir í, gabar a leat-rgeal féin náir buail rí buile
 millte ari Óuncan mar geall ari an gcormaileat do
 bí aige le n-a hatair 'n-a éotlaó. Níl i mbaoó-glóir
 mná mhe beir, agur i n-a móir-poirim o'foclaib ag
 gníoruáó a rir cum gníomaríta, aet iarmat ari a
 laige féin do éilte.

Aet níoir tair o'doipe. Lá áirte éir rí na leimb
 ag rnat ari loó Oairbheac, agur 'nuair bíodar 'pan
 uirge o'airtuir rí 'n-a n-ealairóir iad le neart oiaoiré-
 eadta. Annpain iarmair na healairóir oanna ro ari a
 lear-mátar b'ioóimair rpar do éir le n-a gcuairó-éar
 agur do éir —

“Nó go gcomparar an bean i ntear agur an fear
 i otiar nó go pararoir rí éad bliar

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

“Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united . . . until you shall

ar loc Dairibheac, agus trí céad bliadhán ar Spuic na Maorle, roim Éirinn agus Albain, agus trí céad bliadhán i nIorruar Domnainn agus i nInir Shluairie b'éanam.”

Atá áit éigin le faḡbáil ar doir. Ní éig léi anoir toirid a miorcaire do éogbáil oíob, áit luirgeaduiḡeann rí a ḡeuid aníóig com mór agus ir féidir léi. Fágann rí aca a meabair daonna féin, agus a n-úirlabha Gaedilge féin, agus neart ceol do feinm com binn, com milir rin ná féadfaid rluaiḡte fearḡaá, námaireamla coóla do féanao dá fáim-éirteaót.

Ir mó-ḡeáim ḡur moḡuḡeao amuḡ na páirtíde, agus oíaitin Lir 'n-a aigheao féin ḡur junneao léim-rḡmhor oiréa, agus éuaio pé ḡan rtao ḡo bhuacáib loca Dairibheac: agus innirto na healaíde daonna pain do ḡur biao a éuid cloinne féin iao, agus ná fuil pé 'n-a ḡeumar an oiréa daonna do ḡlacaao arir. Ir í Fionn-ḡuala an mḡean a labhair:—

“Ní fuil cumar agaimn taob do éabhairt me aon tuime fearoa, áit atá ar n-úirlabha Gaedilge féin agaimn, agus atá 'n-ar ḡeumar ceol ríim-éaétao do éantain, agus ir leor do'n éineao daonna uile do fáram beit eirteaót leir an ḡceol pain; agus anao agaimn anoét, agus canfam ceol taoib.”

Ní fuiláim do'n ceol ro beit milir, roḡaá, do éuir ruan ar áair buairéaríá, émaíde, ir é ag féaáaint ar beo-milleao a éaáirar leanb ór comair a ríil, agus ir deap an cunnair 'pan úim-rḡéal ro ruan an áair ḡo mairin le taoib an fuar-locá úo. Níor b'faoa ó'n lá pain ḡo

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Erin and Alba and three hundred years at Iorras Donnann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race : and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

οτάνις οίογαλταρ κόιη αι δοιφε, μαηι ο'αιρτινζ βοοῖβ
 Θεαρζ λε οηαιοῦεαῖτ ι ζο θεαῖηαν αειη.

Αζυρ ανοιρ τορμυζεανη ραοζαλ τοιιβ, βιόναῖ να η-έαν
 ρο. Βα ὀοηα αν τρεο βί οηῖα αι Λοῖ Θεηιβρεαῖ, αῖτ
 ανηραιν το ῑιζ λεο α ζαῖηιθε ο'αζαλλαν, αζυρ ceol το
 ρεινν το ῑυηρεαῖ ρλυαιζτε ῑυη ρυαν. Αῖτ βί α με
 caiῖτε, αζυρ το β'είζεαν τοῖιβ τουλ ῑυη αοιζεαῖτα αι
 Σηυῖτ να Μαοιλε. Β'έαῖταῖ ε αν ανηό αζυρ αν ciuaῖ-
 ταν ο'ῑυλαινγεαῖαι ο ῑιοc, ο β'αιρτιζ, ιρ ο ζαηιβ-ῑιον,
 αζυρ ιρ βρεαῖζ α ροιλληιζῖτεαι ε ῑαν ῑηη-ῑζεαλ.

“ Cio τῑά αῖτ τάνις μεαῖον οιοῖce ῑύca, αζυρ το ῑυηη
 αν ζαοῖ με, αζυρ το μεαῖυηζεαῖαι να τονηα α οτμεαῖαν
 αζυρ α οτορμάν, αζυρ το λοηηηαιζ τεηηε ζεαλάν, αζυρ
 τάνις ρζυαβαῖ ζαηιβ-ανῑαῖ αι ραο να ραιηηιζε, ιονηαρ
 ζυη ρζαηιαῖαι Clanna Ληη λε ῑέιλε αι ρεαῖο να μόηι-
 μαηα, αζυρ τυζαῖ ρεαῖῑάν αν ῑυαιη ῑηη-λεαῖαιη οηηα,
 ζο ηαῖ ρεαῖαιη ηεαῖ οῖοῖ ciα ρηιζε, ηό ciα coηαιη α
 ηθεαῖαῖο αν ῑυηο eile.”

Sul αι ῑάζαῖαι Σηυῖτ να Μαοιλε το ρυαηιαῖαι ηαῖαηe
 eile αι α ζαηιαῖο, αζυρ ιρ έαῖταῖ αν ρζεαλ ηά τάνις
 αοη ηά βάρ αι Ληη ηά αι α ῑomplaῖτ λε cέαῖταιῖ
 βηιαῖαν. Ιηη αν ραοζαλ ρο ι η-α μαηηο, τά οηαιοῦεαῖτ
 αι ζαῖ ηῖο, ιρ ηί ῑαζαηη αοη ηά θεαῖαιη ηά ζαλαη αι ῑίη
 ηά αι ὀαοηηιβ. Ηῖλ ῑαν τραιοζαλ ρο αι ραο αῖτ ρίοη-οιζε,
 ιρ μαηη, ιρ ῑηη-βρεαῖζῖταῖ.

1αι βῑάζβáiλ Σηοῖτα να Μαοιλε ὀοῖιβ το ῑυζαῖαι α
 η-αζαῖο αι ιοηηαρ Οοηηηαηηη, αζυρ ιρ ανηηο το caῖαῖο
 οηῖα οῖιζ-ῑεαιη το ῑυη ρίοη ciηηηαρ α η-έαῖτ, αζυρ λέη
 ηό-ῑαιῖηιζ ηηηρεαῖτ α ηζοῖτα, αζυρ ιρ τυζῖτα ῑά θεαηα

Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

“Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered.”

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domnann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

ḡur annam ḡluarpeann uimairḡte an céad uair ó
béal Fionnghuala, agus ḡo n-iarrann rí ar a deari-
brátraib ḡéillead do'n t-aon Dia. Tar éir a tpeimpe
beir eairte annam fillio cum Síe Fionnaéaró, mar
ar bhrádaor ḡo mbead

“Lir ḡo n-a t-eaḡlac, agus a munn-tear uile,” aét
“ir anéaró fuaradar an baile fár folam ar a ḡcionn,
ḡan aét maol-ḡáta ḡlara agus uoiréad neannra ann.
ḡan tíg, ḡan teme, ḡan treib.”

Fá uiréad teagmuisḡo leir na Crioirtuótib, agus
fillio ar a ḡcrué daonna air. Aét do éir na bliadanta
oiréa. agus ir crioonna. foirbte. fann na rean-daime iao
anoir. Uair-tear iao, agus tuirio i fám-éoulad an báir.

Ir uóig linn-ne ná fuil rḡeal le faḡbáil i mte na
litmḡeada ḡaeuile com héadac, com hionḡanta le
“hOréad Clonne Lir.” Tḡáctann ré ar léir-bréad
na nóir nÉirpeannac do éairis le teac na Crioirt-
uóeada. Cuirpeann ré i n-uimail uóinn náir éirḡó an
Crioirtuóeac ‘n-ar uóir mar fár na haon-oiréce, aét
ḡur mall-éimeac, neam-taparó do focruiḡ rí ‘n-ar
meaḡ. Ir é éallmḡeann an fárao do fuaradar na
hém pompa ar a bfilléad cum baile ná meac na nóir
bráḡanae ir uiréada, agus an uirir móir do bí uir
an Sean-faoḡal agus an Saoḡal Nuad i nÉirinn. Ir é
éallmḡeann an uóil do bí aḡ na héanaib daonna fo
ḡéillead do Crioirtuóeac ná ullmaet náuóiréa na
uóiréce cum an cpeiréam ceart do ḡlacad. ir an
buairéart réir do éairis oiréa ná na héadac náuóiréa

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fionnachadh, where they expected to find

“Lir with his household and all his people,” but “they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode.”

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of “The Fate of the Children of Lir.” It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-

do éirí na daoine i dtíreo an nuair-éadair do glacadh. I dtíre an ríle fágfaidís maóire ar éirí na daoine, le n-a cur aitiú ar doibh, le n-a cur ciontacht ar meanman. I ríle-íre ar atá ór comair ar ríle, a dtéir na daoine-éirí amach ann, ar dá éirí ríle déintear deirg-íre do'n íre ar ríle. Ní fánann ann a dtéir bion ar buairéir ar uairéir, agus i meirg uairéir ar buairéir na déintear airtéir ceol na Cíortuirtéir comair, comair le ríle na cur ar bheirí an tairíre. Ar dtíle ní ríle do déintear do'n ceol ríle, a dtéir i ríle tamair déintear ceol na hÉiríre an macair ó gléir ar comair ar ríle na tíle ar ríle.

B'éirí, leir, do bfuil cormairéir éirí 'an ríle ríle an ríle déintear do' bfuil déintear ceiríle déintear na hÉiríre fá éirí-íre na nÉirí, nuair náir fáirí ríle náiríre náiríre aca, a dtéir a ríle déintear ríle agus a ríle ríle.

Tairíre déintear éirí, éirí, bfuil cormairéir ar éirí Oiréir Clonire Uirí, déintear ar ríle neirí-íre déintear. Atá ann déintear na n-íre-ríle, cion do bfuil ríle déintear i bfuil an tairíre, agus do bfuil cion neirí agus ór na ríle ar a lán ríle na ríle do éirí déintear ann lán, agus ríle bairéir ríle do déintear le bfuil íre-ríle ríle-íre déintear eirí.

Do bí Concurí, Rí Uirí, agus cion neirí i ríle a ríle déintear, agus do ríle inéir do'n tairíre. Aréir Cúirí, an ríle, i ríle déintear, do ríle

ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

“The Fate of the Children of Uisneach” is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she

míó-ás ír milleasó ar Cúigeasó Ulaó ar fas, agus tugann
fé Dóiríope mar ainm uirthé. Órnuigítear í do cónsbáil
fá leit i nualtaas, agus ar móctam doire mná ói,
labhrann sí go mínaó ar an máire doobáil léi beit ar an
bfeair do rórrasó sí. Dóirítear léi go bfuil a leitéio
rim o'óis-fear i gcúirt an míos. Teasmaio le céile,
agus éalunzio arson go hAlban, agus téio beirt
dearbbráctar Naioire le n-a cóir. Tagann mío-íuam-
near ar an míos, i nuaio na mná maireamla, agus
larann a éioirde cum oiozalcar do baint ar na
cupaóib. Aét cia baimfeair an oiozalcar fain oioó?
Ní hé Cú Cúlaimn ná Conall Ceámaó, aét atá át
éigin le fasbáil ar ffeairgur Mac Róis, agus cuirítear
go hAlban é dá n-iaimio.

Tornuigeann truaigiméil an rgeil i gceairt nuair do
gíiofann an t-ás Naioire tré neair tír-gmáó cum
gluaireacó a baile, ír san tomas do beit aige ar
atcairt ná ar bagairt Dóiríope. Cum Naioire ionntaóib
i bfeairgur, agus do meallaó é. Ní oois go bfuil i
leirugeacó don rtaí ír brioiaige agus ír doilbe ná
beo-cumne Dóiríope as fasbáil na hAlban oi:—

“ Mo éion uirt a tír úio íoir, agus ír mó-ole liom tú
o'fasbáil, óim ír doibinn do éuain agus do éalaó-íuirt
agus do maía míon-rtoaca, caom-áilne, agus do túlca
taíneamaca, taob-uaine, agus ír beas do léigearar
a lear tú o'fasbáil.”

Agus annrain leanann laoió beo-éaointe, dubrínaó,
uaigneacó. Ní léir-tairngaireacó labhar Dóiríope, aét

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feargus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feargus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba:—

“My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains, and thy lovely green-browed hills, and little need was there for us to leave thee.”

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

“Iz geall le tarngaireacht oíoch-amhar a cioróe:—

“Do éiríonn néal ‘ran aer agus iz néal folá é, agus do bharraíonn comairle maic óaoib-re, a Clóinn Uirniú.”
ar í, “oul zo Dún Dealgan, mar a bfuil Cú Cúlaimh, nó zo scaití Fearnú an fleabó, agus beic ar comairce Con Cúlaimh, ar eagla ceilge Concubair.”

Aic ní tugabó géilleabó uí, amail do cum luic na Trae neam-íum i máitib Capanora.

“Ó nac bfuil eagla oíamh, ní óéanaimís an comairle rin.” ar Naóire.

Aic téreann a oíoch-amhar i léire agus i nóine:—

“A Clóinn Uirniú, atá comairce agam-ra óaoib-re, má tá Concubair ar tí feille do óéanam oíamh.”

Agus tagann an comairce rin cum cinn, agus deir í,
“Do b’féar mo comairle-re do óéanam fá gan teac zo h-Éirinn.”

‘Sé bun na triaigíreacá an neam-íum do cúim Clóinn Uirniú i n-atáirib Óéiríre. Agus anoir tá ríac zreamuicte i oíic na Cíaoib Ruabó, agus tor-nuicéann an t-ár. Ní féirí Naóire féin do fámuicab ar óroacá:—

“Agus nó zo n-áireamíar zammí mara, nó uille feabó, nó oíic for féar, nó méalta neime, ní féirí móm ná áiream a maib do éannair eirabó agus caic-míleabó agus do meabóabí maola-óearga ó lámair Naóire ar an látar rin.”

Aic ní fáir a h-aigheabó bí Óéiríre:—

“Dair mo lámh, iz buabó an tuir rin do muicéabó lib, agus iz oic an comairle do muicéabair taobabó le Concubair zo bair.”

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulainn is, until Feargus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulainn through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Ανοίρ λέιμνι τὰρ να βάλλαιόιῃ, ἢ βεήτο Δείροπε
 λεο, ἀγυρ βειοίρ γαορ ἀρ Ἐοῖνυβὰρ γο βράτ μῦνα
 μβεαὸ γυρ ἐμῖρ ἀν ὀραιοί, ἀγ γέιλλεαὸ τοῖν μίγ, κοργ λε
 η-α γκοιόατ. Τυιτιο Clann Uirniḡ, ἀγυρ ἑαγανν
 Δείροπε ἀρ υαίγ ἡοιρε. Μάλλαττιγῆανν ἀν ὀραιοί
 Εαμῖν, ἀγυρ ταρμγαιρεανν γέ νά βειὸ γλιοτ Ἐο-
 νυβὰρ γο βράτ ἰ Ρίογὰτ Ὑλαὸ.

ἼSan ὕρ-γῆαλ γο ἢ λέρῖ γυρ β'έ οἰβμυζαὸ ἀν ἀίγ
 ἐμντε cloc-bun na τραιογῖρεατὰ. Τυγταρ ιαρμὰτ ἀρ
 ἀν τ-άγ γαιν το γέαναὸ, ἀγυρ Δείροπε τὰ βᾶγαιρτ
 γαν γαιορεαμῖ ἀρ ἡοιρε, ἢ τὰ ὀεμῖνμυζαὸ, ἀτ νί
 γέιλλεανν ἡοιρε τὰ γλόρ. Γίορ-γᾶιὸ το β'εαὸ ἀρ υαίρῃ
 ἀν ὀραιοί, ἀτ κομῖλῖονανν γέ γέιν μόρᾶν τὰ ταρμ-
 γαιρεατ, ἀγυρ ἢ οεαλλμῖαμᾶτ νά γαιβ γιορ αἰγε γο
 μῖλλρεαὸ ἀν Ρί Clann Uirniḡ 'νυαίρ το βᾶιν γέ λε
 ὀραιογῖρεατ ἀ γκομαρ γίοβ. Ατ τὰρ εἰρ ἀ η-έαγᾶ,
 γῖλλεανν ἀν ταρμγαιρεατ ἀμῖρ ἀρ. ἢ ἑατὰτ ἐ κομῖατ
 ἀν ὀραιοί 'γαν γῆαλ γο, ἀ νεαρτ ταρμγαιρεατὰ ἀγυρ
 κομαρ μόρ-κομῖαὸ το λεαγὰ; ἀτ κιοὸ κομῖατὰτ ἐ
 ἀν ὀραιοί, νί'λ γέ 'η-α κομαρ, ἀν τ-άγ το κῖρεανν γέ γο
 τορῖα ἀγ τεατ, το γᾶμυζαὸ.

Νί'λ γῖγῆ ἀγανν ἐμν κραιοβ-γῆαιολεαὸ το ὀέανᾶν
 ἀρ “Οἰρεαὸ Clomne Τιμῆανν,” ἀτ ἢ ἰ ἀν ιονηταοῖ
 το βί ἀα ἀρ ἀν μίγ το ὀαλλ ἀν κραιοὸ ἀα, ἢ το ἐμῖρ
 ἀρ ἀ γκομαρ ἀν τ-άγ το βί γόμπα το γέαναὸ.

And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance: great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

an séiseaó h a l t.

na hannála.

Do rḡmíobasó a lán do ḡmóir álainn 'ran reachtmaó haoir uéas, go móir-móir 'n-a topac. Cioó go bfuil “Annála Ríogácta Éireann” 'n-a gcomaic ar an n-úitais ar fad, ó céas-ḡabáil na tíre, ir iomóa rḡéal ḡreannmair, ir iomóa tuairirḡ caṡa ir cunnar ar earbos, ir ar rcoláire le faḡbáil ionnta, go móir-móir 'ran ḡcuro ir uéirdeanaige uíob. Ir fíoir ḡuir tóḡasó an cúro ir mó uoir na hannálaib ó fcan-leabhair ná fuil aḡainn anoir, aḡuir ḡuir lean na huḡdair fcan-éaint na leabair ro, ir ḡuir rḡmíobasair féim i ḡcaint aróbéireac, árra, neam-éoiréiann, ná tuirḡirde anoir ḡan uasó, acṡ 'n-a uíaró rin, ir minic a rḡmíobann ríac le bḡis ir fannneam ar éḡaróib ir ar éreacóib, ir ar an-bḡuro na h-Éireann. Ir uóis ná fuil aḡ aon éríoc 'ran uóman an oireac rann fcanóair ir rceal ir beacó naom ir flair, an oireac rann trácta tar ḡac ar ḡaib an tír, ir ar ḡac rḡḡar neite bí le faḡbáil ann—ar a huḡdairib ir ar a laocóirib, curṡa i n-oirar a éirle ó'n uoirac, bliacóin i n-oirar bliacóna ir acá le faḡbáil mī na hannálaib reo, ó teacṡ Cáerair uá fíeró lá mōm an uíle go uṡí an bliacóin 1616, uóair éríoir.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although “The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland” are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty: nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsair, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

Iy i nDún na nGall do cuirtear le céile an móir-obair
 reo, i gConbheint na mBriátar, “do éirí coirtear bíd aghur
 rnuotáilne” leir na huḡḡarab, aghur iy ann do crioó-
 nuḡeas na hAnnála, ’ran mbliadain 1636. Aois
 Miceál Ua Cléirigh féin ḡur b’eas an dara lá rícto do
 mí Ianuair, Anno Domini, 1632, do tionnghnas an
 leabair ro i gConbheint Uhlún na nGall, aghur “do
 criochnaigheadh iym gconbheint céona an teachmaoh
 lá d’Aghurt, 1636.” ḡoirtear ar an obair reo ḡo minic,
 “Annála na Ceitpe Maighirtir.” Iy ias rann Miceál
 Ua Cléirigh, Conaire Ua Cléirigh, Cucorighias Ua Cléirigh,
 iy Fearfeara Ua Maolconaire. Briátar d’Óro Naomh
 Francéir do b’eas Miceál, aghur do b’é ainm do
 ḡlaodtarde ar ná Taḡ an tSléibe. Do rnasas é
 ’ran mbliadain 1575, le hair béal áta an Sionnan, i
 gContae Dún na nGall. Bí ré mar úitcar aige beir ’n-a
 éiomicirde, iy ní rair éiomicirde rann i nÉirinn do cuir
 níor mó le céile dár rancar iy do beatar a naomh ná
 an briátar boct ro, mar iy é do rḡríos na leabair reo
 leana:—“An Réim Ríogairde aghur Naomh Seanára
 na hÉireann” (1630), “An Leabair ḡabála” (1631),
 iy ’n-a rteannta rann do rḡríos ré ranaán nua i
 n-ar míniḡ ré mórán do éruas-foclar na rann-uḡar.
 Aois harpur ḡo bfuair ré bár ’ran mbliadain 1643.
 Bí caint Mícl féin rimplirde, rcar, mar ríllirḡtear
 ’ran rann-focal do cuir ré i rtorac na n-Annála
 d’Fearḡal Ua ḡar.

Bí Cucorighias Ua Cléirigh, rume eile ror na Maighir-
 tirir, ’n-a éann ar an rreir do minntir Cléirigh

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books:— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" (1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for Ferghal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.

do bí i oTíuí Cónaill. Do rḡuob ré, i oteannta na
 n-Annálaç, “Beata Aoða Ruaró Uí Dóinnail.” aḡur iḡ
 ar an leabair rann a tóḡtar a lán do’n éirio óeipeannaisḡ
 doḡ na n-Annálaib. Obair álainn, fúinneamail iḡ ead
 “Beata Aoða Ruaró.” Ní’l ré ar moð na n-Annálaç,
 açt curḡa le éirle le bríḡ iḡ le taçac ó tíuḡ ḡo
 oeiḡeao. Ní húiḡ-rḡéal, leir, é, açt rḡéal fúinnḡe le
 ceapḡar, rḡéal áir iḡ fola iḡ caḡuḡçḡe, rḡéal írliḡçḡe
 na hÉipeann, iḡ a curḡa i n-anbḡuio. Tá caint an
 leabair reo áirḡa ḡo leor. aḡur a lán rean-focal iḡ
 mairḡḡe le faḡbáil an nárḡuḡfað anoir açt amáin luçḡ
 léiḡinn. Tá an éaint. leir. carḡa ḡo leor. aḡur mórán
 oi do-éuḡḡe. Atáio na ranna mó-faða. aḡur an iomaḡ
 buað-focal i noiaró a éirle ionnḡa, açt ‘n-a óiaró
 rin iḡ faíðmeamail, bunaoaraç atá an éaint an. aḡur
 anḡo iḡ anḡrúo atá rí ar lapað le teap-aigḡeao na
 bráio iḡ na brileao.

Aḡ reo an tuairḡḡ aḡuḡann an t-uḡḡar iḡ ar éoḡao
 Earra Ruaró —

“Do beapḡarḡ íarom an uchbḡuinnḡe fop an rliḡeo na
 ḡairbhinnannam nainmenḡem 7 iḡ baio do éreiḡ 7 do
 çrenneapḡ hi rḡuḡḡ na reanabann (amail iḡ ba bér
 oi), 7 oaineapḡḡuairó na oḡuim leice ouibḡleimne
 mar cónair coitḡm do çromḡloḡ 7 oan oeneḡḡe 7 do
 aólaige na ḡḡall oearbaró airbeapḡa biḡ ḡur iḡ baróçḡ
 ile oia ffeapail oia mḡáib oia neachail aḡur oia
 ceapḡib, ḡo iḡce çreaoan an çrmoḡḡa i fúðomam Earra
 Ruaró iatḡ. 7 arḡrío riar ḡur an muiḡ móir.”

Besides the Annals, he wrote a "Life of Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell" and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. "The Life of Hugh Ruadh" is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assarœ :—

"They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assarœ and thence westward to the ocean."*

* The text of extract from "Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell" is taken from Father Murphy's edition.

B'é Dubaltaac Mac Fhibiriḡ an rḡoláipe ba òeip-eannaige do òuip ḡemealaac na oṡpeab nÉipeannaac i n-eaḡar le ríor-ḡoḡlum. Do muḡaó é i Leacan Mhe Fhibiriḡ i ḡConnuae Sliḡiḡ, timceall na bliathna 1585. Bí a ḡinḡeari muḡie 'n-a ḡeommeicrób, aḡur iḡ le ceann aca do rḡríobacó iḡ do cuipacó le céile "Leabair Lecain" aḡur "Leabair buirde Lecain." Do hoileacó Dubaltaac 'ḡan Munnain fá Munnntiḡ Aodáḡáin, aḡur fá Munnntiḡ Daḡorian, aḡur do éaic ré úmóir uá ḡaoḡail fáda aḡ cuip le céile ḡac ar ḡan an triac ḡain do ḡemealaacáib na hÉipeann. Ó'n mbliathna 1645 ḡo 1650, bí ré 'ḡan ḡaillm, i ḡColáirte S. Niocol, aḡ cuip le céile a móir-obair, "Craoba Coibneara aḡur ḡeneluiḡ ḡaca ḡabála uáir ḡaib Éipe ó'n Amra ḡo hAdáin." 'San ḡaillm do bí caoipeam aige ar Ruiríri Ua Flacairtaig aḡur ar uḡoair "Cambrensis Eversus," aḡur iḡ móir an conḡnam do éuḡ ré uóib ariac. 'N-a uáiró rin do bí ré ar tuarairtal aḡ Siḡi Iameḡ Uape, aḡ airtiuḡacó aḡur aḡ léir-míniuḡacó na ḡean-uḡoair nḡaeóealaac ḡo hár Uape, 'ḡan mbliathna 1666. Do marbacó Dubaltaac 'n-a ḡeanuime 'ḡan mbliathna 1670, i ḡConnuae Sliḡiḡ, iḡ níor éirḡiú a leicéir do rḡoláipe i nÉipunn ó ḡom ḡo haimpiḡ Eoḡain Ua Coimairde.

Uála móir-oibḡe Dubaltaig ar ḡemealaac na hÉipeann, iḡ rin an t-ainm do cuip ré uirte do rḡríobacó ḡo hionlán, óir foillirḡeann ré uóinn bun na hoibḡe rin, mar do éeap aigheacó Dubaltaig é. Aḡ ḡeo an t-ainm:—

Dudley Mac Firis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Firis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that "The Book of Lecan" and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O'Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work "The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam." At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O'Flaherty and with the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware's death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O'Curry.

As regards Dudley's great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it :—

“Craobha coibneara aghur geuga geneiluiḡ ḡaḡa ḡabála tár ḡab éiríe ó’n amra ḡo hAdam (aḡt Fomhraiḡ, Lóclannaiḡ, aḡar Saḡaille amám, lámam ó tanḡaḡar tár títir) ḡo naomhcanḡar aghur méim míoḡmaiḡe Fóḡla fór aghur fá óeóḡ clár na ceumriḡḡear iar nuir aibḡiḡe na rloimte aghur na háite oimheara luaiter iir leabairra do teaghlomáḡ leir an Dubaltaḡ Mac Fihbiriḡ Leacain. 1650.”

Tar éir éaḡa an Dubaltaḡ, ní maiḡ fear i nÉirinn aḡ a maiḡ eolair cinnḡe ar rcan-oligḡib na hÉiréann, nó aḡ a maiḡ neart focail toirḡa na rcan-uḡḡar do craobhḡaoileáḡ. Úa mór an méala é ḡan amrair, aghur ir náiréaḡ an rḡeal le n-aítuir ná taḡriann Sir Iamer Uairé maím tá ann, ciḡḡ ḡuir iomḡa rcan-rḡiḡbinn toirḡa t’airḡuiḡ rḡe ar ḡaeóilḡ tó, ir ḡuir mór an conḡnam do tuiḡ rḡe tó cum a leabair do éuir le éirle ir do éairḡuiḡáḡ. Filleann an rcanḡar ar réim. Fear eile mar an Dubaltaḡ do b’eaḡ Eoḡan Ua Coiraiḡe. Ní maiḡ fear eile i nÉirinn aḡ a maiḡ an oiréaḡ rann eolair ar rcan-liruiḡeaḡt na hÉiréann ir ar a rcan-oligḡib. Ir iomḡa lá do éair rḡe aḡ rḡiḡḡáḡ leabair ear-toirḡa na noliḡḡe: do ruir rḡe an tuiḡá, ir ruiar tuiḡe eile an clú.

Atá oḡt nó naoi n-oiréaḡa eile, bunáḡaraḡa nó aít-rḡiḡobḡa ó lám an Dubaltaḡ, Sanarám, 7c. Ní’l i leabhair an Dubaltaḡ mórann do rriór b’riḡḡmar, aḡt ta an oiréaḡ rann léiḡinn ionnta naḡ éairt iao do óearmaḡ ná do léiḡean i b’airliḡe.

“The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Pomerians, the Lochlanns and the Sax-Normans, only so far as they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firis of Lecain in the year 1650.”

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O'Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firis's hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley's books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

an seachtm aó h a l t.

seachtúin céitinn.

Níl aon ughar do mune an oiread le Céitinn cum léigeanh ir litmigeaét do chongbáil beo i mearsh na n-aoimead, go móir-móir daoine leaéa Moza. Níor b'ead sup reíob Seachtúin reanear mó-beaét, mó-éinnite, aét sup éuir ré le céile i n-aon bolg amáin na tuairgíde do bí le faibáil ar éirinn mī na rean-leabhaib. Ní maib tuairgí eile le faibáil com deap, com fuinnite ir do leaé ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní maib aoimne 'n-a reoláire roganra ná maib eolar aige ar rtair Céitinn, ir ní maib eíochnuzaó deánta ar reoláire i reoil go mbeaó macraimail deánta aige do'n "b'fomar feara." I mearsh na othaéac simplíde ní leomfaó aoimne amīar do éuir ar an gcunnar éugann Céitinn ar faibáil na h'éiréann le paritolan, ir leir an gcun eile do'n treib rin tar lear. Ní leomfaó aoimne reanaó sup eíeimead Saédeal glar le naéar nime, ir sup éneapuis Maor a énead 'ran éiript le fearitib Dé. Bíodar na daoine reabhuighe o'fíunne na rgeal rain, ir bí a n-uir-móir 'n-a mbéal aca, ir ní maib dān ná laoió gan tagairt éigin doir na móir-fairgíob ar ar éráét Céitinn. Ir oíis linn muna mbeaó sup rgríobad an "fomar feara" ná beaó cuimne na rean-amīre, ná ammeaca na rean-flait, ná éaéta na leomian leaé com

CHAPTER VII.



GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished, till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

abairt i n-aighead na n-daimead i b'ioda leic-céad bliadan ó fóin.

I r fíor, go deimhin, go maib na neite reo i leabhairb eile ar ar tóg Seachtúin iad, aet ní'l uir-móir doir na leabhairb reo le fagbáil i n-oiu. Do cáilleamair iad, i r tá an "Foirur Feara" 'n-ar mearg, gan focal, gan litir ag teartabáil uairt. Tamall ó fóin i r ar éigin do bí duine uairt i gCúigead Munan ná maib a macraimail do'n "Foirur Feara" go ceanaimail i gcomhéad aige. Bí ré ag na daomib bocta com mair leir na huairib. I r cuimhin linn féin fígeadóir boct do mair i n-iarair Ciarraige, náir móir i r teannta dóctair na hoirde do bí 'n-a feilb, do tairbeáin dom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanaimail, carra i linn-éadac, i r gan uil ag páirte b'ieit air, ná díogbáil air bit do déanam do. Ba g'eall le leabair naomta é ar a mear, i r níoir díomaoim do bí an leabair fain, mar i r blarta cuimhin do bí tuairm ag ar gac leatanaic de i gceann an fígeadóir, agus ba deacair áiteam air go maib focal aet fíunne 'ran méir do fíuob Céitinn ar Fennur Feara, ar íaritolan, i r an cuir eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fóir i mearg daimead náir léig, i r ná feacair maib a cuir faotair. I r díog leir a lán go maib omardeacit éigin ar an duine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunnair ar rean do tairairt dúinn. Ní móir an t-iongnad gur éirio na daime náir duine daonna Seachtúin. Do tairib g'allta do b'ead é, aet 'n-a uairt rin bí ré i r *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Caoticeac ó éiride amac

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,

Saḡaric, Doctúir Diaḡácta do b'eaḡ é. Fear lúigeannta i Laitim ir i leabhair na n-Aitmeac do b'eaḡ é, ir éait ré a lán dá f'aoḡal 'ran b'f'p'ame. Aēt 'nuair o'f'ill ré a baile tuis ré é féin fuar ar f'ao o'obair na hEaglaise le oíḡhair ionḡantaisḡ gur cuipieac muagairt meacḡa air, ir gur b'éigean do dul i b'foac i gcumair doilb i nḡleann Eactailac. Ir é an muir ir ionḡantaisḡ i mbeacair Seacmúin go b'fuair ré uair ir caoi ar na leabhair do t'ear-tuis uair i gcóir a f'eancair, do bailiḡac an f'ao do bí f'án ir muagairt air. Do f'uibail ré go Connaḡtaib ir go Doiric, aēt ní móir do mear do bí aḡ fearairb Ulaḡ ná aḡ Connaḡtaib air. I gcionn trí nó ceacair do bliacantair bí an "Fóir Feara" go léir cuipia i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do f'p'ioib ré f'or dá leabair diaḡa, "Eocair Sḡiac an Airmúin," aḡur "Trí Uoir-ḡaoite an Uair."

Dála an "Fóir Feara," toirniḡeann ré ó'n b'f'ioir-torac, ir tagann annar go 1200. Tá ré lán do f'ean-pannairb i n-a mbailiḡtear ainmeacḡa na t'p'ieab do táimis go h'éimín, ir i n-a gcuiptear le céile na héacḡa do bain leo. Tá a b'f'uil i b'p'ior de, leir, annar ir annar m'icḡa le ainmeacairb t'aoirac ir f'laic ir a g'p'aoib g'eimealac. Níor éar Seacmúin aon n'ó ó n-a meabair féin; ḡac a t'p'ugann ré o'úinn—na f'ḡealta, na heacḡp'arḡe, na ḡabáltair na héacḡa ar muir ir ar tír—fuair ré iao go léir i f'ean-leabhairb do bí f'á mear aḡ ollainnairb ir f'airíob. Ní muir ré aēt iao do éir le céile ir o'aoit'ḡac. Dá mbeac ré aḡ aic-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole “*Forus Feasa*” within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, “*The Key-Shield of the Mass*” and “*The Three Shafts of Death*.”

As regards “*The Forus Feasa*” it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

ῥημίοναὶ na neiteaó rin i nton, aḡur a aigneao lán to léigeann na haimeire peo, ní'le deapmao ná go gcuirfeao pé a lán oíob i leat-taoib, to bíúg ná baimeann riao le fíri-feanóar. Aót to ῥημίob pé an “Foirur Feara” tá geall le trí céao bliaoan ó foin, aḡur ní hiongnaó ná maib an oimeao rain aímair i otaoib fíunne na n-éaót ro an triát rain. Aḡur ir mar an gceaotha aτά an ῥgeal aḡ tíoipéaib eile. Tá a lán éaót ir eaótia i feanóar na Roíia to émeo na Roímánaig go hiomlán i n-aimeiri bírigil ir Oíbro — ná fuil ionnta aót úir-ῥgealta na bíleaó. Ar an nóῥ gceaotha ní géilleann aon ῥgoláime aoiῥ o'eaótaiḃ hengerit ir hoíra aḡur oá leitéioiob o'eaótiaoiḃ i feanóar na bpeatane.

Aót 'n-a oiaó rin, ní ceapit a deapmao go mbíonn bunaoar fíunne inῥ na ῥgealtaib peo to gnaót. Níoi éum na filíde ῥgeal ar oúir gan dealliam éigin to beit ari — *nec fingunt omnia Cretæ* — cioó go gcuirtear leir i iut na mbliaoan, i oῥpeo ná haiteoóaiḃe é pá oeiḃeaó. B'ole an baíl ar tíri ná beio úir-ῥgealta o'oḃ traḡar rain eiuinnigíte ir mearḡta trío a euiḃ feanóar. Ba cómaῖta é ná maib file ná fáio le rinḃearaib i mearḡ a oaoineao, ir nári móri aca a cáil ná a glóiri.

Iῥ álainn an oíon-bíollaó a éuimeann Seapmín le n-a “Foirur Feara.” O teaót an oaria henuí anall éugainn ir iomíe, níoi ḡab ῥor ná ruaimnear na huḡoairi Saḡpannaig aót aḡ euiḃíor bíeáḡa ir ῥgealta

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote “*The Forus Feasa*” almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. “The Cretans even do not invent all they say,”—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his “*Forus Feasa*.” From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies

αιτήρε αρ αρ νούτ'αί. Σιορριοιρ οε βαρρια, Στανιχυρτ, Camden, Hanmer, ιρ αν τρεαδ' ραιν uile—ní μαιβ uat'a ac't ριnn το cυι ρά cοιρ αρ οτύιρ, ιρ ó τειρ ριν ορ'τα, ριnn το μαρλυζαδ' ι ρτάρ'ταιβ ραλλ'ρα. Αζυρ ταρ έιρ αρ βρεαριανν το βαντ' οίνν, βα βρέαζυιζε ιρ βα ταρ- cαιρνιζε το βίοταρ 'νά ραν. Το cυζ Seačmún ρύτα 'ραν οίον-β'πολλαc' le ρυνneam ιρ le ρειρζ. Το ρτοιλ ρέ αρ α cέιλε αν ράιμέιρ μαρλυιζ'τεαc' το cυιρ αν βαρριαc' 'n-a leaδaρ, níοι ράζ ρέ ριnn το Στανιχυρτ ζαν ρέαβαδ', ιρ τριom' é τυρριανζ α λάιμε αρ Camden ιρ αρ Spenreρ. Σο venim ιρ γεall le ζαιρζι'οεαc' μόρ'έιζιν é — le Com Cúlaimn nó aicill — α cυιρ αιρμ ζλέαρτα 'n-a λάιμ, έαταc' ρλάτα ó mulla'c' cιnn ζο τριοιζ'τίb αιρ, ιρ é αζ ζαβáιλ le οίοζ'ριαρ ιρ le οian-φειρζ αρ na oaoimib beaζa ρο το oεαριβυιζ' έίτεαc' ι ζκοιnnib α oύτ'c'αιρ, ιρ το μαρ- λυιζ' α muiunn'teaρ. Oá mbeaδ' ρέ αρ μαρτεαν ι nοiu, c'abaρpaδ' ρέ ραοβαρ βατα oορ na ρeanc'aioib' ac'a' anoir ρά móιρ-mear, αρ ρ'poute ιρ αρ Mac Am'laom, ιρ αρ hume.

Αοειρ ρέ 'n-a οίον-β'πολλαc' :—

“Ní' l'ρταιρ'οε oá ρζ'píobann αρ éιρnn na'c' αζ ιαρρ'ιαδ' lo'cta αζυρ τοιb'έιμε το c'abaρit' το ρean-ζ'all'aib' αζυρ το ζ'ac'o'ea'laib' b'io; b'ioδ' α ρ'iaδ'nuir'e ριν αρ αν τειρτ' το βειρ Cambrienριρ, Spenreρ, Στανιχυρτ, Hanmer, Camden, Baρclio, Moρupon, Oaδ'ιρ, Campion, αζυρ ζαc' nuac'o-ζ'all' eile oá ρζ'píobann uir'te ó ρ'oin ama'c', ionnuρ ζυρiabé nóρ beaζna'c' an ρ'puompollám το ζ'nío αζ ρζ'píobaδ' αρ éιρeanna'c'aib' . . . ιρ é το ζ'nío c'pomaδ' αρ βέαρ'aib' ρο-oaoimeac'o' αζυρ c'aill'eac' mbeaζ n-úιρ-íρeal αρ oταb'aρit' maic'-ζ'níom na n-uapal ι noeαρ-

about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hammer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

“There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hammer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

mao, ašur an méio a baineas iur na sean-Šaeðealaib
 do bí aš áitiuḡaḡ an oileáin reo ma nḡabáltair na
 sean-Šaill,” 7c.

Ir minic a ḡoirteas an Heiḡoḡotuir Šaeðealaḡ ar
 Šeaḡrúin, ašur ir deimhin ḡur móir a bfuil do ḡor-
 maileacḡ eatoirḡa aiaon. Tá caimḡ Šeaḡrúin deas,
 rimpliḡe, milir-bmaḡmaḡ, mar caimḡ “Aḡar an tSean-
 ḡair.” Séanaio aiaon baḡḡ-foḡail, neam-bmíoḡmaia,
 neam-faḡḡmeamla, aḡḡ ’n-a n-ionao aḡá fuinneamh ir
 taḡac i nḡaḡ líne dá rḡáirḡaib. Cuimḡ aiaon irḡeac
 na huir-rḡealta baineas le n-a uḡir, ḡan aiair do
 ḡur aia bfuinne. B’é Heiḡoḡotuir an ḡeao rḡáirḡe
 do ḡur seanḡar na Šméiḡeac i n-eaḡar ir i ḡcun-
 neas, ašur ciḡḡ ḡur b’faḡa ’n-a uḡaḡ do rḡmíoḡ ré,
 bí Céitinn an ḡeao seanḡaḡe o’ḡmouḡ ir do ḡeairḡuḡ
 i rlaḡḡ, ir i n-eaḡar seanḡar na nŠaeðeal. Do ban
 na filiḡe — na Šméiḡiḡ ir na Románaiḡ—a lán ar rḡáir-
 ḡaib Heiḡoḡotuir, ašur ’ḡan ḡcuma ḡeáaḡa ḡuḡ Céitinn
 muḡear a noḡḡam doir na filiḡib Šaeðealaḡa, o’aoḡ-
 aḡán na Raḡaille, do Šeaḡán Clámaḡ Mac Domhail,
 ir o’eoḡan Ruaḡ. Aḡḡ ní feicimío oíḡmair i oḡaḡ
 na fuinne, ná feairḡ ḡum namao a ḡíre aia an
 nŠméaḡaḡ. Bíonn ré cuim, foḡair, réim i ḡcounuḡe i
 meairḡ rḡáir ir uir-rḡeal, *et quidquid Græcia mendax
 audet in historiis*, aḡḡ ní léiḡfeao an Šaeðealaḡ muinne
 do ḡeair ná do ḡáil a ḡíre le n-a deairḡ-namao.

Obair léiḡeanta, doimh ir eao “Tmí bioir-Šaioḡe an
 Báir,” lán do rmuamḡib uiaḡa ir do maḡḡnam faḡḡm-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

eamail ar an beataio daonna, is ar a eioe. Is ion-
gantae ar tois re ar sean-uioaraib is ar oibreaeab
na naom, agus is blaipa ta an obair ar fao moimne i
leabhair agus i n-aitib. Aet is triom, laimeamail
an eaint ata ann o tuir go deireao, bioo go bfuil ri
laipa fuar annro is annruo le rgeal beag greammair
mar an eactia pain ar “Mac Reccan.”

Obair an-leigeanta i noiaoeat is i noannaib na
heaglaire is eao “Eoair Sgiae an Airinn.” Ni leir
uinn aon uioar eilec uipear an oipeao pain to tuairis
ar neitib bamear leir an Airpeann, com beact, com
cainte rin i leabair ta meio. Aet n-a teannta pain,
ta an eaint com rimplioe, com greamnta, com binn,
com brioimair pain, gan baot-foelaib na mairtib eairta
gur fuairte o’aoimneae e leigeao gur i noiu.

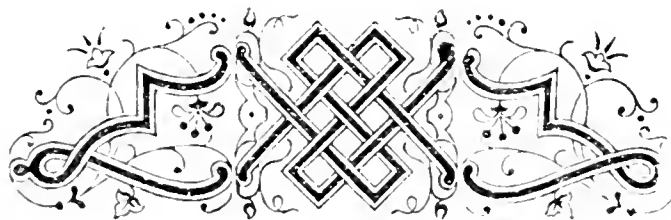
O amirir Ceitinn anuar nioi rgeioeao a lan to rrior
bunaoarae. To cuipao aobair eactiaoe le eile
agus rgealta ar gnioimairtib aae, agus ni moir n-a
teannta pain. To lugeaoar na huioar Gaedealaea
ar panna to murgailt, is ba mair, aobinn a gcuo oan
is amian.



astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of “Mac Reccan.”

“The Key-Shield of the Mass” is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating’s time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.



. a n τ - o c t m a o h - a λ τ .

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a n n a o m a o h a o i s o é a s a s u s ' n - a o i a i o .

Νί μόρι το ρημίοβαο το ῥιόρ ῤαεὐεαλας ἰ γκαίτεαμ
 na naomao haoire oéas. Ὡί an oream as a maib neapit
 é to ρημίοβαο παοτμας as aít-ρημίοβαο leabari lámh-
 ρημίοβτα ἰ n-a maib ῥιόρ ἱρ λαοιότε meapzta tpe n-a
 ééile. Νί maib áct ῥιόρ-beazán as a maib neapit an
 ῤαεὐεαλς το λείγεαο, asur ní maib puínn ῤαεὐίλγε oá
 éloóbuaλαο, ἰ oτpeo ná maib ponh ari aoimne a éuro
 aimprie to éaíteam zo neam-τοpamail as ρημίοβαο
 ῥιόρ buuaθapaz. Το cuipeao beazán θapántap le
 ééile ἱρ ποθαοε beaza oá paζap, asur ní' l a éuilleao
 le tapbeánao asamh to ῥιόρ buuaθapac ἰ γκαίτεαμ
 an éeao éaoζaio o' n naomao haoir oéas. Túζaθari
 na oaoimne ari paθ, ioiri λείγεaamhta ἱρ neam-λείγεaamhta,
 an ῤαεὐεαλς puap éum báir. An beazán as a maib
 eolap eimhte upiti, ἱρ o' féaθpaó í to ρημίοβαο zo blapta,
 níop cuipeaθari líne oí ἰ noiaio a ééile. Νίop éuminiζ
 aoimne aca ari ῥeancap nó eaétma nó pzeal zpreamh-
 maip to ρημίοβαο, ζan obairi peallpamínaéta to bac.
 Νί maib neapit as na oaoimib a leitéioiúe to λείγεαο,
 asur oá bpiζ pin níop b' pu o' aoimne tapbairt púta.

'San am ζeéaθna, amác, bí lán-tuile to ῥιόρ bpeáz
 neam-éoiéciamh ari puibal ἰ meapz na noaoimeao. Νί
 ζan loét to bí an ῥιόρ paip, zo oemim, áct 'n-a oiaio
 pin, to θaimh a lán to éáilib an ῥιόρ ἱρ peápu le paζbáil

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few "Warrants" were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone's while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

ῥαν τοῦτον λειψ. ἢ τοιοῦτα τεὰ ἀνὰ ψαλὸν καὶ ἱερὸν
καὶ ἡ-α μὲν οὖν πάντες οὗτοι παρὰ γεννητὸν ἀπὸ ἐντεῶν τοῦ
ἡμετέρου ἐκ γένεσιν ἡμετέροις καὶ ἐκ τῶν ἐν τῇ
ἐκείνῃ τῇ παλαιᾷ — γένεσιν ἡμετέροις καὶ ἐκ τῶν ἐν τῇ
ἐκείνῃ τῇ παλαιᾷ ἀπὸ μὲν ἢ ἀπὸ τῆς, γένεσιν κοινῆς
ἢ κοινῆς, γένεσιν ἡμετέροις καὶ ἐκ τῶν ἐν τῇ

Cua aca, do rḡrḡobad̃ ar tṡur na rḡealta ro, nṡ
 iad t'aitṡur, i tṡreog ḡur t̃anḡad̃ar ar fao ó béal ḡo béal,
 ir deapib̃ ḡo maib̃ a lán tṡob̃ i meoṡan na haor̃e ḡab̃
 t̃araimñ cōm̃ r̃leam̃ain, cōm̃ milir, cōm̃ r̃oil̃eir, cōm̃
 biñn, cōm̃ ceol̃m̃ar, cōm̃ taṡacaṡ leir an b̃p̃m̃ór ir f̃eárr̃
 'ran t̃eang̃am̃ F̃iancaig̃, aḡur ir deall̃maim̃ac̃ ḡur
 baimead̃ a lán t̃a nḡarib̃ar tṡob̃ i m̃it̃ na mbliad̃an le
 neap̃t r̃ior̃-aitṡur̃e. Do m̃oṡuig̃ an t̃-aitṡur̃eoir̃ ḡur cōir̃
 tó a rḡeal̃ do t̃éanam̃ r̃oil̃eir, r̃o-t̃uig̃te, ḡur cōir̃ tó
 anñro ir anñrúo a anál̃ do t̃arim̃aig̃, ir r̃or̃ beag̃ do
 t̃ab̃air̃t do'ñ luṡt̃ eir̃teaṡta, do m̃oṡuig̃ r̃é ḡur t̃air̃ib̃e
 tó éaṡt̃ an rḡeíl̃ do t̃ab̃air̃t uair̃t̃ le t̃éine ir le f̃uiñ-
 neam̃, aḡur a maib̃ t̃r̃maig̃m̃éileac̃, t̃oṡma anñ t'aitṡur̃
 le t̃ólar̃ ir le com̃ar̃t̃air̃ib̃ caṡuig̃te, ir ñior̃ b̃'ionḡad̃
 ḡo b̃raḡad̃ ḡac̃ aitṡur̃eoir̃ an rḡeal̃ ó'ñ t̃é t̃áim̃ig̃ m̃oiñe,
 aṡarim̃uig̃te beag̃áñ eir̃gin anñro ir anñrúo, aṡt̃ ḡo
 mb̃eac̃ r̃é ñior̃ f̃uiñte, ñior̃ biñne, ñior̃ b̃r̃ioḡm̃air̃e.

Νίσιμ β'annañ φόρ ζυμ β'οράιθεσι neam-έοιτέιαν
 αν τ-αιτμυρεσι πέμ, ιρ ζο μαιβ πέ λάν-οιτε ιμρ na
 cleapaib le n-a ζευμπεαρ θεωρια le ρύλιβ θαonna, ιρ
 μύρκαιτεαρ ορηαό ιρ άλαό ι λάμ εμοιότε, αζυρ ιρ mimc
 το έυμρ πέ αν luēt έρπεαάτα αζ εμτ le ανραό, νό αζ

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

γολ le buarōiπt le n-a fēacaint, ιη le ruam a žoča. Ažur fōr, to tožao cum aičur ržéalta rimpliōe, ná maib mó-čarπa ná to-čuižče, ržéalta žan mópián mion-éacča až oul tpiōča. Sžéalta to b'eaō iao to'n tpažar ro: to tožao žaiπziōeač éižin, ιη to cuipeaō tpié éacčaiβ ionžantača é; ιη minic to bioō ré i oteannaiβ éaža; ιη minic i nolūt-čomearžar le hačac úi-žpiána, nó fá ōmaoiōeačt, nó fá žeapa loč to čaoižao, nó bean éižin to bi ap fán to poláčar. Ιη minic to čažao óž-bean upual to bioō i nžpiáō leiπ, cum cabpiužče leiπ. B'é čpiōč na neičeaō peo žo léiπ žur cuipeaō ap ruβal i mearž na noaomeaō bołž mópi ppiōiπ náπ buaiōeaō piam ap ap poiłéiπeačt ιη ap binneap. Aomuižčear anoiπ žo coitčiam ná piul leičéio piliō-eačča na haimpipe peo ap binneap le pažbáil, ačt ιη minic a ōeapmaočar žo bpiul an ppiōr 'n-a řližio fém čom binn, čom blaπa leiπ an bpiłiōeačt. Níl ampar ná žo bpiul žolopmich ap na hužoapiab ιη poiłéiπe le pažbáil i mbéapiła, ažur ná piul ré žan mίlpeačt ιη blaπ. Tá a lán toπ na ržéaltaib oá otažpiam čom poiłéiπ le ppiōr žolopmich, ažur a žcaint i bpaō nioπ binne ιη nioπ ceolmaiπe ná a čaint pin.

To cuipeaō beažán beaž toπ na ržéaltaib ap a oπiáččaim i žcloō le páoπaiž ua laožaipe ažur beažán eile le Dubžlar oe híoe, ažur fēaoπaiō an léižčeoiπ a meap fém to čabaiπt ap a poiłéiπeačt ιη ap a mίlpeačt.

Ιη fioπ žo veimim ná piul řan up-mōpi ačt ržéalta až pič i mearž na noaomeaō očuačac, ažur žo bpiul a lán oioč aiōbéripeač žo leop. Ačt ap uaiπib tá mianač ōinpepe bpiōžmaiπ ιη ōpoiłpiužao lonnpač až žabáil tpiōča. Ačt eibé méao a ločt map ržéaltaib, ιη

cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort: a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forceful eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

riu ias aipe mait do tabairt dóib ar son a foiléiríeacáta
 ir a mbinnir.

Níl aon loct ar pór ir meara ná caint mó-mór
 agus na rmuainte ruarac, neim-bhíogmair. Níl an loct
 rain le faǵbáil ar na rgealtaiḃ reo. Tá an caint
 ir na rmuainte oiríamnac. Anoir ir arír, gan amhar,
 tá rgaot do bmarḃaiḃ i n-iair a céile, do méir oirí-
 nóir rean-uǵaríamte gan ruinn bhíog ná taḃaic ionnta.
 Ac̃t níl m̃r na paitiríḃ reo, ac̃t fé mar beaḃ c̃uim-
 nuǵaḃ do c̃airíaríeacaiḃ tuirteamla do tagann anro
 ir anrúo m̃om̃ r̃uut luamneac bíonn ag méir-íleac̃ ó
 bmarḃ rleíbe. Ní mór a bfuil do pór foiléir, binn,
 m̃lir-bmarḃac 'ran m̃béarla. Tá an c̃uio ir mó de
 t̃iom, neim-c̃eolmair, do-tuig̃te. Ní mar rin do'n pór
 f̃marneac̃. Tá a lán de binn, m̃lir, ir c̃om̃ foiléir leir
 an ñg̃m̃, agus na rmuainte c̃uirta i gceann a céile an
 go h̃oiríuig̃te rlaḃtmair. Níl uaim̃ féin i oiríac̃ na
 haoríe reo c̃um nuaḃ-pór o'abairíuǵaḃ ac̃t rmuainte
 áirí, neim-c̃oiríanna do r̃nairímeac̃ leir an foiléir-
 eac̃t ir leir an binnear atá le r̃nreairíḃ mar oútc̃ar
 agaim̃, agus atá le faǵbáil go r̃l̃uipreac̃ m̃r na rgeal-
 taiḃ do c̃leac̃tarar ar n-aitreac̃a ór na c̃iantaiḃ.

I r̃uut an c̃eac̃ c̃aogair do'n naom̃aḃ haorí oéag do
 r̃unneac̃ airt̃muǵaḃ go gaeóilg ar beagán do leab-
 raiḃ ríac̃a ó'n m̃béarla ir ó'n lair̃m. Níl amhar gur
 b'é an ceann ir feárr ríob̃ r̃o an t-ait̃muǵaḃ ar
 "Imitatio Ch̃risti," do r̃unne an t̃aḃair Dom̃all
 na Síulleab̃áin, t̃im̃ceall na bliac̃na 1822. Ir oirí-
 linn féin go bfuil an obair reo ar na hairt̃muǵtiḃ ir
 feárr do r̃unneac̃ ar leab̃ar a Ceim̃ir m̃am̃, agus
 ir iom̃a teang̃a i n-a bfuil fé le faǵbáil. Ba oéac̃air
 an obair í, óir bí a lán do bmarḃaiḃ ir do m̃airíḃ 'ran

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Λατριν ná μαιβ ι mbéal na nḡaoinead le fada, ιr náir b'fuirirte o'fagbáil ar leabhairb.

Ní ceart túinn dearmad do déanam ar Seaḡán Mac Éil, Áir-oarboḡ Túama. Do mune an fear oir-
dearic fain airtmuḡad blarta ar an "Pentateuchon," .i.,
na cúig leabhair atá i b'íoir-ḡoraḡ an tSean-Tairbeánarḡ.
Ir móir an triuaig náir léig ré o'ua Mórḡa ιr do hÓmeir,
ιr airtmuḡad do déanam ar an Sḡrībinn Diaḡa ar fad.

Ní oíḡ linn ḡur rḡrībḡad aon ḡrḡr ιr fua o'áiréam
ó obair Óomnaill uí Súilleabáin ḡur cuiréad ar bun
"Iurleabair na ḡaeḡilḡe," ór cionn píce bliadḡan ó ḡom.

Do mune "Cumann buan-coméarḡa na ḡaeḡilḡe" a lán
cum an ḡaeḡealḡ do múnad ιnr na rḡoileannaib, aḡur
cum í do cúir ar aḡarḡ le neart céad-leabhrán rimpliḡe.
Aḡt ní μαιβ mórán le fagbáil ar a μαιβ fonn ḡaeḡealḡ
do rḡrībḡad. Ba deacair Seaḡán pléimion féin do
meallaḡ cum leatanaḡ ḡrḡr do cúir le céile—ciḡḡ ḡur
blarta, b'íḡḡmar í a cáirt.

Do cáit Connraḡ na ḡaeḡilḡe ḡoraḡ a raḡḡail aḡ
cáirmir ιr aḡ fuirre le namḡaḡaib na teanḡan úo, ιr
ní μαιβ uam aca ar fuirḡe rḡor ιr maḡtḡam ar obair
litirḡeacḡa. Do bí aon ḡeann amán, amac, ar fearḡ
na haimirre reo ná μαιβ oíḡmaoin. Tá cáirt an Aḡair
ḡeacair ua laḡḡairḡe com rleamain, com milir, com
b'íḡḡmar ιr tá rí le fagbáil i n-aon triac oáir feanḡar.
Tá ḡrḡr rḡilérir, milir, ḡreannḡa ιnr na mion-leabhairb
atá curḡa amac ó n-a lámh, aḡur ní rḡor oó rḡor, ór
dearib ḡo b'fuil μian a bér 'ra lán do'n ḡaeḡilḡ atá
le feicirnt ḡac aon treacḡḡam ιnr na páirḡeairb.
Fear aigeanḡac rḡléirḡeac, neim-rpleacḡac ιr ead an
tAḡair ḡeacair. Tá aon loḡt amán aḡainn le fagbáil
ar a cúir oirre. Sḡrībann ré iomairca le haḡarḡ an

language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes

αοιρ φοḡlumṭa, ιρ baimeann an nío rin an ιττιρ ιρ an ταṭac αρ a cúro ḡmóιρ. Τά ρúil aḡamh ρul a ιḡarṡam leιρ ḡo oṭaḃmairó ρé obairi éιḡm oúinn ná beiró lán oο mairótiḃ carṭa, αρ ρon na ιḡoláimṭe, aṭt obairi cúιṡṡear áṭar ιρ móimóáil αρ ḡíoι-ḡaeóilḡeoiimṭiḃ.

Le teaṭt na nuao-aoιre, amac, táio na ιḡamail aḡ ιḡairpeao. Τά luṭt léιḡte na ḡaeóilḡe aḡ oul ι mḃmειρ aḡur ιρ oeaairi iao oο ḡáram; ní ṭeiróeann ḡac aon mairméri ρíoρ leo mairi ba ḡnátac tamall ó ḡoin. Τάio oibmeca na ρean-uḡoar ḡo bliaóainteamail oá ḡcui amac, ιρ cúimṡiṭo an nío rin ιρionnao αρ an aor óḡ cum a ḡcéimeann oο leanamain. Τά an oimáma ḡaeóealac 'námearḡ aḡur ḡlaooac αρι. Τά ḡlaooac leιρ αρ ḡmóρ ḡaeóealac 'ṡna páipéaraiḃ laeṭeamla ιρ ρeaṭṭimain-eamla, aḡur ní ρuláim oο'n aιre tuḡṭar anoir oο ḡaeóilḡ mṡ na ιḡoileannaiḃ a cúι o'ḡiaṭaiḃ αρ uḡoaraiḃ leaḃairi beaṭṭa, bṡioḡmairi, mliρ-bṡmaṭmaṭa oο ṭaḃairiṭ uacṭa. Aṭá óḡ-uḡoar, leιρ, ór na cṡioṭaiḃ ι n-a ḃṡuil an ḡaeóealḡ ḡór 'n-a tuile, oá oṭairbeánao ḡéin ó bliaóain ḡo bliaóain. Ní oéantar oearmao αρ ómair-o-eaṭt, leιρ, mair ιρ ḡmóρ ómairteaṭt ḡui móρ ιρ ρiu é, aḡur ó ciúimḡeao an ḡuṭ ḡaeóealac αρ an alltóιι ιρ bṡónac mair oο imneaṭ ḡailliḡe oí. Le ḡaoa mair, ḡairmíοι! τά an ómairteaṭt éimeannaṭ αρ ḡao naṭ móρ ι mḃéarila, aṭt le cúpla bliaóan τά aṭarimḡao aḡ teaṭt αρ an ρaoḡal. Ιρ ḡéioιι anoir ómair blarṭa ḡaeóealac oο éloimṡt annro ιρ annrúo, aḡur oο méri ḡac oeaill-mair, ní ḡaoa beiróeam aḡ ḡiṭeam le méri ómairteaṭṭa ι nḡaeóilḡ, ioιι oiaṭa ιρ ρaoḡalta, αρ a mberó mear aḡ an oomian uile, ιρ nám imṡte a cúι ι ḡcomóιṭar le hómairteaṭt na ḃḡmannaṭ ιρ na nḡmériḡeac.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long period been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.

FOCLÓIR.

(*Contractions* :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genitive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

aeumneac, vigorous.

aónaó, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; teime aóanta, a kindling fire.

áóbap, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Munster in this sense):

áóbap beas, a small number.

ág, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written áó).

aróbéireac, strange, extraordinary.

amhlear, *m.*, misfortune (*amh* negative): *oul ap a amhlear*, to go on the path of misfortune.

amgeal fóir-coinéadota, *m.*, a guardian angel.

áip, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

ap, *in phrase*, *le hap*, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, *for* to Dublin, *read* beside Dublin.

airtuíim, I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

aicim, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

áiteam, act of persuading or convincing (used with *ap*).

aiteap, *m.*, delight.

amhac, however, nevertheless.

amar, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

anál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; anál do éapnam, to pause.

anpóó, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

aoiḡeac, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

aon-am, *m.*, one and the same time; o'aon am (*pronounced* oé n-am), of set purpose; o'aon ḡnó is used in a similar sense.

aon-ḡap, one-man; compac aomḡap, a duel, a single combat.

aontuḡim, I harmonize.

aontuḡaó, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

ác, *m.*, a ford: ac ác éigim le ḡabáil ap aoipe, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

acapḡuḡaó, *m.*, change, transformation.

acéap, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báir, *f.*, friendship; ní óeacair báir a ḡcom-óalacair; bḡap, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

bamnap, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baot-ḡlóp, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

barḡam, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase roip ḡap aḡur bean, both men and women, bean is not declined.

bean éaomte, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.

beipim (with an) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.

beo-núlleaó, *m.*, a living ruin.

bpaḗaim, I judge, consider, expect.

bpiḡ, *f.*, strength, essence ; oá bpiḡ im, from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.

bpuḡaó-époroe, *m.*, heart-felt regret.

buaóac, victorious.

buaó-ḡocaḷ, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective,

buaḷim, I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country), *with* um, I strike upon, meet.

buan-éomḡac, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.

caiopeaḡ, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.

cáil, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.

caimτ, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.

carτa, entangled, twisted (of style).

ceann, *m.*, a chief ; ceann uppaíó, a general of an army.

ceapaim, I conceive, plan.

ceap maḡaíó, *m.*, a laughing-stock (ceap, a block ; maḡaíó, ridicule).

ceapτacτ, *f.*, correctness (ceapτ, right) ; ceapτacτ páíóte, propriety of words or expression.

ciallunḡim, I signify.

cleacḗaim, I practise (make a practice or habit of), *and therefore*, I habituate myself to.

cloó-bun, *m.*, a foundation.

clunēm, I hunt.

eneapτacτ, *f.*, gentleness.

coḗal (coḗall) *m.*, *primarily means* a hood, a magic dress ; *and figuratively*, enthusiasm for a thing ; cuḡ coḗal opt féin éunḡe im, be in earnest about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.

conḡéḡḗac, wild, strange, foreign.

comme, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.

com-óalτa, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.

com-óalτacap, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.

comḡapaḗτ, *f.*, vicinity (com and ḡap), i ḡcomḡapaḗτ oo, in the neighbourhood of.

comóρτap, *m.*, comparison.

complaḗτ, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.

comḗpomaḗτ, *f.*, equal weight, justice.

cor-éaotpom, light-footed.

κοῖμαλαῖς, *f.*, likeness, comparison ; μάγ κοῖμαλαῖς, as a representation (of, το).

κραοῖν ἑξαιρίμ, I explain (κραοῖν and ἑξαιρίμ, I separate).

κρανν, *m.*, a staff, κρανν βαζαῖν, a staff to threaten with.

ἐπίορτυνόμεαις, *f.*, christianity.

εὐδοῖς, *f.*, valour.

εὐοῖν-λάρ, *m.*, the very centre.

εὐοῖν, *f.*, a record, a chronicle.

εὐαῖν-ἐνείρ, *f.*, a vexed problem, a difficulty.

εὐνν, I put, place, set ; *with* πῖν and αῖν, I describe : εὐν πῖν αῖν ἡναιε to βαν, describe the beauty of women.

εὐννῶν, *f.*, a limited space, press, closeness, difficulty ; ἡ εὐννῶν-ῶν εὐννῶν, in the press of fight.

εὐννῶν, sweet-scented, fragrant.

εὐννῶν, interference with, influence over (αῖν) ; εὐνν ἡννῶν αῖν ἡννῶν, without its being influenced by oppression.

οἶν, *f.*, a meeting ; ἡ οἶν ἡννῶν, meeting one another.

οἶν, relating to a human being, human.

οἶν-ἡννῶν, *f.*, slavery, bondage.

οἶν, bold, fearless ; *more usually* οἶνῶν.

οἶνῶν, *f.*, brilliancy, beauty (οἶν, colour), οἶνῶν ποῖνῶν, brilliancy of description.

οἶν-ἡννῶν, fair-minded.

οἶν-ἡννῶν, *m.*, a good habit ; *in pl.* polished manners.

οἶνῶν, having the appearance of probability, probable, likely.

οἶνῶν I assert (solemnly, as a witness) ; το οἶνῶν εἶναι, who gave false testimony.

οἶνῶν-ἡννῶν, *m.*, a barren desert (οἶνῶν is intensive).

οἶνῶν, polished, fine, elegant.

οἶνῶν, *f.*, a difference (often spelled οἶνῶν).

οἶν, in phrase πᾶν οἶν, towards (after verbs of motion).

οἶνῶν, *f.*, theology.

οἶνῶν, *f.*, zeal.

οἶν. *m.*, shelter, cover ; πᾶν οἶν ἡννῶν, under the cover of the sky, *i.e.*, in the open air.

οἶνῶν-ἡννῶν, *m.*, close combat.

οἶνῶν, *f.*, sufficiency ; εὐν ἡννῶν οἶνῶν . . . ἡνν, in which there is a sufficiency or enough.

οἶνῶν, *m.*, drama, play.

οἶνῶν-ἡννῶν, *m.*, ill-will,

τοποῦς-ἐλαοντα, *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).

τοποῦς-ἡμιτεα, *m.*, used in the positive sense of mischief or misdoing.

τοραοῦθεαῖτ, *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.

τορῡμ, the back : in phrase τοᾶ τορῡμ ρμ, for that reason, on that account.

τοῦβρόναῖ, sad, sorrowful.

τοῦλ, *f.*, longing, desire : τοῦλ εροῖθε, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.

τοῦλ, *m.*, means, opportunity ; ζαν τοῦλ αζ πάριτε βρεῖτ ἀρ, no child being permitted to handle it.

έαῖτ, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.

εαζναῖτ, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.

είζιμ, I call out, shout, cry.

είτεαῖ, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury.

έάρ, *m.*, a growth : έάρ να ἡαον οἰόθε, a mushroom.

εερεα, *m.*, a banquet.

εῖοῖἡαιρεαῖτ, *f.*, rage, cruelty.

εῖορεαom, hearty ; an epithet of εῖαίτε, welcome.

εμ, even ; in such phrases as, εμ α εῖαῖαμτ, even his look.

εῖομῖζε, founded, established (on, ἀρ).

εῖοζπαῖ, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.

εοιλλεῖζιμ, I display, describe, illustrate.

εοιρβῖτε, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced εοιρῖζε).

εοnm, *m.*, desire, liking ; ní παῖβ εῖ εῖοnm ορεῖα, they had no inclination.

επαο, in phrase, ἀρ επαο, also, ἀρ επαο, throughout.

επαῖαμ, I hate, detest.

επυλῖα, bloody.

επυμνεαῖαλ, vigorous.

επυμτε, kneaded, hence, worked up, put together (as a poem).

επυρε, contention with (λε), friction, pressure.

επυλάρ, in phrase ní επυλάρ οῡμnm, we must.

εζαβαῖ, *m.*, want, need ; níορ εζαβαῖ οῖοῖβ, they had no need.

εζαμnm, I call ; with ἀρ, I name.

εζαλάν, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants : a " galán."

εζαλ-αῖοαρεαῖ, white-horned.

εζαλλ, *m.*, a promise, pledge ; in phrase, ιρ εζαλλ λε τοραοῖθεαῖτ, it is the same as, or, like magic.

εζα, *f.*, obligation ; εζαα were conditions and obligations which must be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, or at best, unpleasant consequences in case of failure ; βί εῖ το εζααῖβ ἀρ, he was under obligations or *geasa*.

εζεααῖθε, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.

εζορμ-βρμαῖ, *m.*, a green margin.

- ιαππαέτ, *m.*, an attempt : το ἐγχαοαρ ιαππαέτ, they made an attempt.
 ιομήαζεαέτ, *f.*, imaginativeness, imagery.
 ιομάναιρε, *m.*, a hurler.
 ιομέαπαμ, I bear : *with reflex. pronouns* μέ πέμ, &c., I comport myself, I behave.
 ιομπαρζάιλ, *f.*, wrestling.
 ιομμήαιλ, eager, attentive.
 ιατομεάμιαιλ, Latin-like.
 ιαοέαρ, *m.*, heroism.
 ιαοέπα, a band of heroes, *a collective noun* ; ιαοέ, *a single hero*.
 ιαπαμιαιλ, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.
 ιεαμζέτε, flagged over (ιεαε, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embedded.
 ιεαέ, *f.*, side, part, direction ; πά ιειέ, aside, apart ; ατά πέ ιειρ πέμ πά ιειέ, it stands alone.
 ιεαέ-ταοβ, *f.*, a side, direction ; ι ιεαέ-ταοιβ, aside.
 ιέιρ-ζορο, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder.
 ιέιρ-μιαρε, *f.*, brilliant beauty.
 ιέιρ-μύλλεαθ, *m.*, complete destruction.
 ιομήεα, polished, adorned.
 ιονηπαέτ, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.
 ιονηπαθ, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.
 ιυαρζαμ, I swing, rock ; οά ιυαρζαθ, being rocked.
 μαεζνίομηαρπέα, *pl. of* μαεζνίομ, a youthful or boyish exploit.
 μαλλ-έέμεαέ, of slow and stately gait.
 μεαοαρ, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).
 μί-ένεαρταέτ, *f.*, offensiveness.
 μιαναέ, *m.*, a vein : μιαναέ ο'ιμρζνε β'πίοζμιαρ, a vein of vigorous eloquence.
 μίμζιμ, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.
 μίο-νάούρ, *m.*, unnaturalness.
 μίο-νάιρεαέ, bold, audacious, stubborn.
 μορεαρ, *f.*, ill-will, malice.
 μον-έαέτ, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.
 μοθ, *m.*, manner, fashion : μοθ φοιλλιζέτε, style of description.
 μόρ-βολζ, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of storics, &c.*)
 μόρ-έποιθεαέτ, *f.*, great-heartedness.
 μυνντεαρθαρ, *m.*, friendship.
 μυρζαιλτ, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally* act of awakening).
 ναέ μόρ, almost.
 νάούρεα, according to nature, natural.
 νεαμ-ζνάεαέ unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

neamh-ppleáðac, independent, uncompromising,

neamh-éopamail, unprofitable.

nuairé-easgar, *m.*, a new or modern setting.

Oilim. I train up, education ; do hoileáð le sgaéac, who were trained up under Seathach.

oiréamnac, suitable, fitting, adopted to.

opáíoeacé, *f.*, oratory.

opáíoeoir, *m.*, an orator.

págánaac, non-christian, pagan.

pléiré, *m.*, act of struggling against.

ppóir, *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. *Caint rḡurḡa* is used in the same sense : it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.

punn, *m.*, much, *used with negative* : ní punn, not much, little or nothing (It is an error to take punn as equivalent to *point*, *jot*.)

páméir, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.

peiré-bán, *m.*, a level plain.

rairébreacé, *f.*, richness. *neart ir rairébreacé íomáigeacéa*, abundance and wealth of imagery,

ranarán, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.

raor, free, liberated ; raor ar Chonchubhar, free from Conchubhar.

ráiréneartacé, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.

ráruḡaó, *m.*, excelling, overcoming. *níl a ráruḡaó le raḡbáil*, they are unsurpassed.

rean-éumne, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.

rean-foḡnac, *m.*, an old ruin.

rean-uódar, *m.*, an ancient author.

rḡéaluróe, *m.*, a story-teller.

rḡurḡa, loose, unbound. *Caint rḡurḡa*, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.

rlacéurḡe. adorned, finished off.

rnáiré, *m.*, thread ; *rnáiré a raḡaíl*, the thread of his life.

rop, *m.*, rest, cessation ; *ní rop dóiré róp*, they are not yet extinct.

rpár, *m.*, a period, limit of time.

rpéireamlaacé, *f.*, loveliness.

rpéir, *f.*, heed, care ; *ná cuireann pé rpeir mnte*, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.

rpíocam, I surrender, submit.

ráim, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder ; *ráim*, a story of spoil or plunder.

raire, *f.*, rest, quiet ; *níor raire ó Aoire*, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

ταρταλ, *m.*, journey, visiting, round, circuit; τὰ ἀνταρταλ ἀνὰ
 ὁδοῖς, they circulate among, *or* are within the reach of the people.

ταρναρταλ, *f.*, prophecy; *le* νερταρταλ, by the force of
 prophecy.

ταρταλ, *m.*, a prop; ἡν-α ταρταλ γὰρ, propping up that, in addition
 to that, besides.

ταρ-αίγνα, *m.*, mental enthusiasm, warmth of soul; *properly* ταρ-αίγνα.

τορτα, *m.*, heed, care, fruit, produce, result.

τραγῆδια, *f.*, a tragedy.

τρτα, *m.*, a battle, a skirmish, the array or ranks of battle.

τρέτα, *m.*, accomplished, gifted.

τρτα, *f.*, pathos.

υρτα, *m.*, the breast; ἡν-υρτα ἀνὰ ὁδοῖς, in the breast of danger, against
 danger.

υρτα, *f.*, attention, ken; *cuius* ἡν-υρτα οὐκ, they remind us.

υρτα, *f.*, readiness.

ύρ-όρτα, *m.*, an eclipse, a darkening over, an obscuring.

υρ-όρτα, *m.*, the greater part, the majority; *also* written *φορτα*, and so
 pronounced in spoken language of Munster; *also* sometimes *φορτα*.

υρτα, *m.*, a chief; *see* *ceann*.

At page 72, line 15, *for* βάλ ἀτα ἀνὰ *Shionnam*, *read* βάλ ἀτα *Seanais*.

NOTE.—In the name of the tract, “Τόξαλ Ὑμνη
 Ὁ ἀνταρτα,” *read* Τόξαλ; and in page 17, line 20, *read*
 Destruction *for* Taking.

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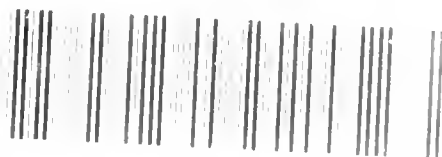
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